

**INSIDE: Fixing the blame in a hijacking tragedy**

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 9, 1985

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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AND  
PROFITS**



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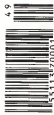
**The Wrinkles puppet:  
A Christmas  
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 9 1991 VOL. 56 NO. 49



**The end of the honeymoon**  
 The vibrance of the attack on-joined Prime Minister Brian Mulroney as he faced a barrage of criticism at last week's first ministers' conference in Halifax. —Page 18



**Big worries over small cars**  
 Reporting that U.S. and Canadian auto manufacturers may soon be squeezed out of the small-car business altogether by lower-cost foreign competition. —Page 30

## COVER

### For fun and profits

The annual rush is on. Toy makers, book sellers, movie studios and a host of other entrepreneurs—from part-time millionaires to multinational corporations—are bidding for a share of the holiday spending spree. But the season is not just an excuse for conspicuous consumption. It is also a time that brings out the best in people. —Page 26

COURTESY OF BORN INDUSTRIES



**A tragic end in Malta**  
 After the world's most violent airline hijacking ended in 59 deaths in Malta, some authorities questioned the wisdom of the rescue effort by Egyptian commandos. —Page 29



**Explorer in a grim universe**  
 Christopher Pratt is one of Canada's foremost artists and an exploration of his semi-abstract paintings now in Vancouver will travel to other cities next year. —Page 62

## CONTENTS

Art	62
Business/Tenancy	30
Canada	18
Church	6
Cover	26
Editorial	2
Environment	28
Film	59
Footballingham	72
Gordon	9
Labour	52
Letters	4
Medicine	55
News	37
Passages	4
People	50
Science	50
World	20



## The SS Canada

Regarding "A secret plan for free trade and sovereignty" (Canada/Republic: Report, Nov. 11) not too many weeks ago our Prime Minister told us we were broken—and now the government proposes spending billions on an interconnector and four nuclear-powered submarines. They should arrange to have the Governor General on deck on this magnificent vessel plow through 40-ton thick ice in subzero temperatures—no properly Canadian. I have a better proposal. Let's get serious about settling the land claims with the Cree and Inuit peoples in the North. This concluded, we would wave the bill of sale in the faces of the Americans.

—ALLAN R. QUINCE,  
Le Rapet, Sask.

## The AIDS emergency

The complex medical, social, political and human rights issues behind AIDS require a proactive response from government and the community ("The Ethics of AIDS," Cover, Nov. 18). It is absolutely necessary for the federal government to set up a parliamentary committee to study the situation. Health care and research must respond to the needs of Canadians from coast to coast.

P. NIDHI,  
Montreal

## Holding the purse strings

Concerning "The steep new election spending" (Canada, Nov. 18) all members of Parliament should comply with the limitations imposed by the Elections Act, but I am terrified by the thought that Parliament would ever in its wis-



AIDS victim Allan Paterson pre-active

dom give to the office of chief electoral officer "investigatory powers" enabling him to hire private investigators, lawyers or accountants to conduct investigations? Heaven defend us from the suggestion made by [chief electoral officer] Jean-Marc Hamel that many election expense questions are merely accounting matters which could be handled "more expeditiously and, let's say, more quietly." *Camblanca*

—CHARLES D. HOLLEY,  
Toronto

## Load and clear

In "Stealing popularity" (Radio, Oct. 7) it was incorrectly stated that the *Stereo Morning* program *Stereo Morning* had been out in length. In fact, the program is still four hours long (5 a.m. to 9 a.m.) and still contains two *Arts Reports* (7:30 and 8:30).

THOMAS CAMPBELL,  
Stereo Morning, CBC,  
Toronto

## CLARIFICATION

In an article in the Dec. 3 edition of *Maclean's*, the magazine dealt with the affairs of a company known as East Coast Energy Ltd. As the magazine pointed out, Fred Doucet left the company at the end of August, 1983. *Maclean's* did not say, nor did it mean to say, that subsequent RCMP enquiries into the affairs of ECEL had anything to do with Fred Doucet or any other individual in the company, and it has no information to that effect.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Brief correspondence is preferred in the future. *Maclean's* is magazine, *Maclean's* Member 1977 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.

## PASSAGES

DIED: Max Saltzman, 64, the outspoken SOP star for Cambridge 1964 to 1978, in Toronto, of liver cancer. The estranged father of two announced his illness at a press conference on Oct. 21. Later he said, "I don't think I'll last until Christmas." A former tailor and owner of a chain of dry-cleaning stores, Saltzman was a controversial politician who broke with his party in 1978 when he supported the Liberal government's War Measures Act and again in 1985 when he voted in favor of wage-price controls. Still, he retained his job as SOP finance critic until he left federal politics in 1978. Popular with his constituents, Saltzman reduced himself to money Canadian when he proposed that Canada annex the Caribbean islands of Turks and Caicos in order to always have what he called "a place in the sun."

SURRENDER: Douglas "Boss" Lifford, 77, legendary power broker in the political colonial Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), by gunshot wounds to the head, on his farm near Harare. Lifford, a self-made millionaire, helped found the Rhodesian Front in 1968, three years later the party, under Prime Minister Ian Smith, declared independence from Britain. Lifford had been a leader of the resistance movement to black majority rule which came into effect in 1980.

MARRIED: TV host/commentator Patrick Watson (Watson; Watson to Terrence), 58, of Toronto, and researcher/translator Caroline Randorf, of Oakville, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin. Among the wedding guests were Canadian-born actress Kate Winslet, former CBC producer and director of ceremonies for the 1988 Winter Olympics at Calgary Robert Jones (Paddy) Simpson, and Simpson's wife, former *Maclean's* associate editor Betty Loderoute.

DIED: Blues and rock 'n' roll singer Big Joe Turner, 74, in Inglewood, Calif., of kidney failure. The Kansas City, Missouri entertainer, whose career started to sing in the 1930s and 1940s, developed a style of singing in the 1950s known as "blues shouting," regarded as a cornerstone of rock 'n' roll. Among his hits were *Shake, Rattle and Roll* and *Caroline, Caroline*.

DIED: Canon Alfred Henry Davis, 63, a former director of the national and world program division of the Anglican Church of Canada, in Toronto, after a brief illness. Davis, who travelled extensively in the Middle East and Asia in the 1950s, once and that a top priority of such tours was to train native leaders for the local branches of the church.

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## Stalking the Nazis

The man in the old-fashioned suit steadily eating a dish of liver and potatoes in New York's Doral Park Hotel restaurant looked more like a retired university professor than the world's most famous and tireless Nazi hunter. As he ate, Simon Wiesenthal, 60, stretched his lanchon companions—two lawyers from Canada's 10-month-old Commission of Inquiry on War Criminals—until his recovery of detailed evidence against the people he has pursued. The meeting last month with lawyers Michael Melges and Yves Fortin had to take place in New York City. Wiesenthal has boycotted Canada for a decade because Ottawa has not prosecuted Nazi war criminals. And although the man with the intense brown eyes and deeply lined face will not soften his stand, he did consent to provide the commission with information as much as 300 suspected war criminals living in Canada. Said chief commissioner Justice Jules Deschênes: "It is hard to conceive of a commission of inquiry into Nazi war criminals in Canada

which did not talk to Wiesenthal."

Despite his age, Wiesenthal's reputation as a successful Nazi stalker remains undiminished. For the past 40 years he has helped to track down and prosecute more than 1,100 war criminals, most notably Adolf Eichmann, a key author of Germany's "Final Solu-

*'We thought the Nazis were just a passing fad. When we woke up to what it really was, it was too late'*

tion" policy for exterminating the Jews. And after keeping alive the hunt in South and Central America for Joseph Mengele, known as the "doctor of death" at the Auschwitz concentration camp, Wiesenthal is now convinced that bones discovered last June in Brazil are those of Mengele, his next wanted target. In October he was hos-

tered for the first time in Austria when Vienna gave him the Silver Medal of Honor. As well, he has been nominated for the 1985 Nobel Peace Prize.

But the belated honors have not lessened his frustrations. As his quipsters do it, Wiesenthal says that he is painfully resigned to the fact that the protracted process of bringing them to trial is increasingly fruitless. As a result, Wiesenthal is spending most of his time educating the young and combusting neo-Nazi movements. During a 20-day lecture tour of U.S. universities last month, Wiesenthal proved that he inspires the young as effectively as he cracks Nazis. Said John Heins, 21, an economics student at Indiana University in Bloomington: "People had a hard time believing he has devoted his entire life to pursuing these people. How does someone live like that?"

The answer lies in his history. Born in the Austro-Hungarian city of Bratslav in 1908, the son of a commodity wholesaler, he has lived with persecution all his life. At the age of 12, he was wounded in an unprovoked attack from a Ukrainian cavalry officer who cut the boy's leg with a sabre. Later, ghetto restrictions against Jews barred him from studying architecture at the Polytechnic Institute in Lwow, a city in the Ukraine. After studying in Prague he returned to Lwow in 1936, opened an architectural practice and married Cyla Malisz, a distant relative of Viennese psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud.

Just days after Hitler invaded Russia in 1941, a cadre of Nazi-trained Ukrainian auxiliary forces arrested him in Lwow. For the next four years he struggled to survive in a network of nonconcentration camps, uncertain whether his wife was alive. Sketches he made as an inmate served twisted images of Nazi skulls with gaping mouths which devour thousands of doomed Jews. In desperation he twice attempted suicide—first by slaking his wrists, then by hanging. When U.S. soldiers liberated him from the Austrian camp of Mauthausen in 1945, he was 37 years old and weighed 90 lb.

Initially, he recalls being overwhelmed with a desire for revenge. Said Wiesenthal: "I had lost my whole family." But Cyla was alive, and after she was liberated from a death camp in Germany, the couple was reunited—the only two out of 50 family members to survive. Instead of retreating to architectural practice, Wiesenthal joined the U.S. Army's war crimes unit. His first assignment was to arrest a son of officer who lived in a third-story apartment. Wiesenthal was so weak that the man he arrested had to help him down the stairs.

The birth of his daughter, Pauline, in 1947 softened Wiesenthal's bitter-

ness. When a colleague who had access to Eichmann's children offered to kill them, Wiesenthal protested: "In what way would you be different from the Nazis? Morality must be on our side."

Contrary to popular perception, Wiesenthal does not track his victims across the globe; he operates from his Vienna office through a sophisticated web of informers. Only registered visitors to his Jewish Documentation Center can identify the run-down doorbell because the telephone has been repeatedly vandalized. Five floors up, the modest, three-room office is filled with newspapers. Wiesenthal's seminar is surrounded by shelves of carefully catalogued books. On one wall a giant map pinpoints the Nazi death camps, with the number of people who died in each. The remaining wall space is divided with plaques and other honors from around the world.

Even now, Wiesenthal's life in Vienna is uneasy. In his relatively class of Nazi criminals he has himself become hunted. At one time, a branch of the World Council of Nations Socialists—a racist association based in Washington—offered a \$40,000 reward for Wiesenthal's life. "Nazism threats to his office and his home are frequent, and two years ago a bomb set by local neo-Nazis blew in the front door of his run-down house in an upper-middle-class Viennese suburb."

Despite those perils, Wiesenthal's personal security is surprisingly lax. His home is protected by security devices and a patrolling Vienna policeman. His office contains a peephole to the corridor and a video surveillance system, but the policeman stationed outside the office door frequently can be seen reading a book. At work, Wiesenthal is no hedonist and drives himself to work in his 1977 Peugeot every day. Still, he carries a gun at all times. But, he said, "If I worried about being shot, I would not be able to live. When my time has come, it has come."

Wiesenthal is not even comfortable with his counterparts in Vienna's 3,000-strong Jewish community, which largely supports the Socialist Party of former chazzanler Bruno Kreisky. Since 1979 Wiesenthal has irritated the community by attacking Kreisky for his pro-Palestinian politics.

Wiesenthal's only refuge from such conflicts, and the painful memories that still give him occasional insomnia, is his family and his three grandchildren in Israel. But last year when Cyla begged him to abandon his work and lead a normal life he says that he told her: "I cannot stop—I would feel like a traitor. Sometimes she must feel, I am not married to a husband—I am married to millions of dead people."

Characteristic of his inability to



Wiesenthal "insisted to dead people"

compromise is his stand on Canada. He insists that his Canadian support will continue until Senator General Porritt, recently charged with an anti-semitic scandal, is removed. Canada's 20th anniversary of the Holocaust is also a source of frustration. Wiesenthal says that 11 suspected war criminals identified by Wiesenthal were, indeed, Canadian citizens. So far, Canada's only first action was the 1982 extradition of Albert Heibel, a Nazi war criminal charged with the death of 11,884 Lithuanian Jews. Said Wiesenthal: "I am disappointed about the Canadians I expected better."

Subsidized by the hundreds of thousands of dollars of annual donations for his cause that pour in from around the globe, the small, balding man will not call off his hat. Wiesenthal told Melges: "Forgiveness is a personal matter. You have the right to forgive what has been done to you personally. You do not have the right to forgive what has been done to others." Clearly, Wiesenthal is determined to do whatever he can to insure that the Holocaust never happens again.

—AMY WINKLER/WHO SEE HADSTAM/IN Vienna

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## Scrambled TV messages

Or using a backyard satellite dish to capture otherwise unavailable television signals from orbiting satellites was once illegal without a commercial license. Still, since the early 1980s thousands of the colored dishes have mushroomed across the country to satisfy Canadians' appetites for the more than 180 regularly scheduled U.S.-based channels, such as sports stations, news. That mass disobedience forced then-communications minister Francis Fox to make noncommercial ownership of the dishes legal in March, 1984. Since then, Canadians have installed about 150,000 dishes. And related businesses are booming. Indeed, Commander Satellite Systems of Milton, Ont., now manufactures 1,500 dishes a month, 75 per cent of them for export.

Canadians have always wanted access to American TV. But the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission imposed a limit on U.S. content on Canadian cable TV in an effort to protect the domestic broadcasting industry. Still, for those



Byrne 'tired of paying for cable'

1.6 million Canadians living in areas too remote for cable, satellite receivers remained the only way in which viewers could own a wide choice of channels. And because the dishes offered a wider choice than cable, cable users wanted the dishes too. During the past three years Satellite City, a retail outlet in Des Moines, Iow., has installed 600 systems, retailing from \$1,500 to \$4,000—one-third of the cost in areas that have cable service. Said president Michael Byrne: "People got tired of paying for cable much after month."

As viewers switched to dishes, the cable industry suffered a major deroute in its market share, mainly in the West. But next month House Bill 600 plans to start round-the-clock scrambling of its two signals, forcing American satellite users to buy decoders and pay a monthly rate of \$12.95 to receive each 100 channel. That move will likely black out just for Canadian satellite dish owners, and other channels may follow suit. Said Gene Andrews, policy director, extension of services division in broadcasting for the department of communications in Ottawa: "There will no longer be channels free for the taking. That may have some impact on those buying dish systems in the future."

—MICHAEL BYRNE, in Toronto

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Guatemalan refugees: 'They promised us land but still we have nothing'

### DATeline: YUCATAN

## The wrench of poverty

Even Guatemalan peasants retrained from the 40°C heat of Mexico's sunny Yucatan Peninsula to a tin-roofed lean-to. They were members of the 15,000 Guatemalan exiles whom Mexico has swept from refugee camps in the cool, mountainous province of Chiapas, on its southern border with civil-war-torn Guatemala. Offering the predominantly Indian refugees new lives and land of their own is self-defensive settlement, Mexico has moved them to the sparsely populated jungle lowlands of the Yucatan Peninsula, which encompasses the provinces of Campeche and Quintana Roo. Now, at the edge of Campeche's Quetzal Refugio camp, 138 km from the Guatemalan border, the small band of relocated refugees was watching the road in near silence in the hope that a Mexican government official would appear with news of their land allotments. Said Pedro Garcia Valdespino, 36: "All I know is how to work the land. They promised us land if we came here, but still we have nothing."

Valdespino is one of the thousands of the largest refugee relocation program in Latin American history. In the past four years more than 200,000 Guatemalan peasants have fled from their country's violence to seek sanctuary in Chiapas. Once there, they become targets of frequent seizures by the Guatemalan army. Guatemalan officials claim that many of the refugees are

guerrillas, and they want to forcibly repatriate them into closely guarded "model villages" inside its borders. In May, 1984, Mexico tried to ease the tensions on the border and consolidate its reputation as a regional peacekeeper by transporting the refugees from Chiapas to Yucatan. But many Guatemalans, still lodged in squalid border camps, simply refuse to be resettled.

Mexican officials privately acknowledge that they have been surprised by the solid resistance that their relocation plan has generated. The government finds itself in a delicate strategic stance as none of its persuasive tactics have worked. For their part, some Guatemalans have claimed that after they refused to co-operate with the relocation plans, CONAM, the Mexican commission to aid refugees, suspended food and medical aid to isolated Chiapas camps and also burned the entire camp of Puerto Hilo, which had been home to 4,000 refugees.

CONAM denies those charges, and it has launched a new campaign to persuade the exiles to join the resettlement project. It has organized tours of the new camps for the exiled community leaders, and it is distributing written and audiovisual materials extolling the benefits of life in the Yucatan camps. Said Mexico City's Oscar Gonzalez, director of CONAM: "I do not know of any other legal means for the Mexican government to enforce its decision." Still, the majority refuse to

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more, seriously complicating Mexican policymaking at all levels. Their obstinacy lies in the deep cultural and ideological attachments which they have to their highland homes—rooms they share with the Mexican peasants who welcomed them. Both are of Mayan descent and speak common dialects, both are traditional maize farmers. Reluctantly they have routinely crossed their common border, and intercultural rage is not uncommon. And as mountain people, both would feel out of place in Yucatán's steamy jungles.

Still, the 18,000 who have cooperated

with the relocation project have found that there is plenty of wholesome food, effective medical care and biological educational programs in Spanish and Indian dialects available in the new camp. With the help of COMAR and the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR), which annually gives \$7 million (U.S.) to their cause, the Guatemalan refugees have had construction of newly rented houses—a major improvement over the haphazard Chiapan settlements.

While sweating larger, farm-sized

settlements, the peasants motivate their family plots of land with beans, tomatoes, rice, avocados and corn. Meanwhile, to encourage more crops to mature, the government has demanded that unlike the children born in Chiapan camps, those born in the new communities are legally considered to be Mexican citizens. And refugees in the Yucatán camps are permitted to earn wages legally, while the refugees in the Chiapan camps cannot.

Despite these concessions, discontent is growing within the new camps. At Quetzal Edzna the water supply has been sporadic, and twice during the sweltering summer months the camp's only generator, which pumped water from the nearby village of Pich, was mysteriously bombed.

Still, the single-largest problem for the Guatemalans is the lack of sufficient land. Only the existing camp land is government-owned, and COMAR officials have been trying to purchase 8,000 additional acres to divide into full-sized, individual four-acre plots for farming. But they have still not convinced any local Mexican plantation owners to sell. David Dancio Hernandez, 33, a refugee and health worker in the Quetzal Edzna camp "We have been here for more than a year waiting. Now many of us want to go back to Chiapan."

Indeed, almost 1,000 others have already voluntarily returned to Guatemala. Reports have trickled back over the border that Guatemalan authorities have confined them to the model villages or restricted them into the army. Saul Leda Luna, a resettlement official with the troops in Mexico City "It has been a defeat for COMAR not to have been able to move all the refugees voluntarily. Other, less flexible sectors of the government may find different resources if this fails." Indeed, some officials within COMAR itself estimate that it may be only a matter of months before Mexican military authorities forcibly relocate the residents to the Yucatán.

Mexico has recently reaffirmed its open-door policy on refugees. But its domestic economy is badly battered, particularly in the wake of the September earthquake, and that commitment is unlikely to be maintained indefinitely. Saul Valenzuela, an eyes fixed on the road leading from Quetzal Edzna "We are grateful that the Mexican government is helping us and we do not want to cause them any problems. Finally, all we want for the war to end and then we will all leave and go home to our lands." Clearly, despite Mexico's best efforts, his new surroundings are not yet home.

—JOHN LEBMAN in Coahuila

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## A visionary remembers

For 47 years Bruce Hutchison has been a newspaperman and author living in Victoria. An editor of the Victoria Daily Times, associate editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and editorial director of the Vancouver Sun, he established himself as one of Canada's leading journalists and political commentators. His reports

have and prestige took him into the houses of famous statesmen and such Prime Ministers as Louis St. Laurent and John Diefenbaker for private discussions and conversations. As well, he was close friend of Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson's. Now 81, he still writes a weekly column for The Vancouver Sun.

A brilliant raconteur, Hutchison has just published his 10th book, *The Unfinished Country* (Douglas & McIntyre). Maclean's Honorary Bureau Chief Jean O'Brien interviewed him at his English-style estate where he has lived since 1965.

**Maclean's:** *The Unfinished Country* does not say everything you've always wanted to say but never dared?

**Hutchison:** Well, it represents what I guess are my final reflections on this nation. The book reaches on from the time that Canada has transformed itself for a vast, fundamental change. This situation is not only political but, above all, psychological. I don't think that Canadians as a whole have got through their heads the problems facing them.

**Maclean's:** Are you talking about the well being of democracy?

**Hutchison:** No, that is part of it. The main thrust of the book is Canada's position in a whole variety of circumstances. Given the vast complexities and intricacies of the world's interdependent society, the fact that the ordinary average citizen cannot understand all the details and the fact that people in general do not like to spend much time thinking—given all that, I am not certain that the democratic process can survive permanently. As well, the Macdonald commission report—however you may regard its wisdom or folly—confirms what I said at least economically that this economy has to be drastically overhauled on way or another if it is going to prosper in the times ahead.

**Maclean's:** Does that mean free trade with the United States?

**Hutchison:** I am all in favour of expanding free trade between Canada and the United States. I am in favour of free trade all over the world. I like the idea in general. But a deal outlined to two nations in North America could be dangerous if it invited and perhaps compelled retaliation by such nations as Japan and those in Europe that are excluded from the deal. You would end up with a terrible quarrel of trade blocs. This would be dreadful. But it may be possible to negotiate a deal that is good for both Canada and the United States and indirectly to the world economy. I see that as possible.

**Maclean's:** Are the Americans any more prepared for the changes ahead?

**Hutchison:** I am not sure they are. I'm not sure the world is. But our situation differs from that of the United States in this sense: They are the richest and most powerful nation in the world, they command a lot more damage to their economy than we can. Don't forget that once before, real free trade was submitted to the Canadian people in 1911 in the form of an agreement with the United States called "reciprocity." The Canadian peo-

ple were persuaded that reciprocity would lead to prosperity by the United States once the United States had free entry into our market. Americans would proceed to exploit it and gradually begin to control our politics and sovereignty. The rightness of aggression destroyed reciprocity and the illustrious career of Wilfrid Laurier, one of our great men. He took it to the economy in 1911 and was defeated by the Conservatives, who were elected almost entirely by warning against assimilation. I was alive then. I would it being taken about.

**Maclean's:** How did you get into the conditions we are in now?

**Hutchison:** We in Canada have made the most ghastly blunder of our national affairs in the past 15 years. Look at the financial and budgetary mess that was left by the previous government to the Mulroney government. When you look at the deficit, you reach this conclusion—that we were seduced by the easy prosperity that followed the Second World War. The world was dominated, we were not. Our ghastly plans, our economy had been shocked during the war, we had lots of stuff to sell and everybody wanted to buy it. That fool's paradise turned the normally sensible Canadian head, and this nation behaved in an un-Canadian fashion. If one factor of our character is clear, it is that we have been a grateful, sturdy and hard-working people who never took anything for granted. During that big long boom we were on a big long drink. Now we are in the hangover of a drink.

**Maclean's:** So we are at a turning point?

**Hutchison:** What is happening in the collective mind of Canada? How will our people—this new generation that is now running our country—deal with all this accumulation of problems? That is what we now yet to see. That is why the next few years are so critical in our history. They are going to test all our talents, our virtues, our strengths and our weaknesses.

**Maclean's:** Is Mulroney up to that test?

**Hutchison:** I don't want to pronounce on Mulroney. He has had a bad opening year, some ghastly mistakes. And now the chickens of his impossible election promises are coming home to roost. The worst thing he did was to duplicate or worsen the terrible patronage abuses that Trudeau had committed. His record of patronage is worse than Trudeau's. He has one quality of leadership charisma. And a very easy management of soothing words. But whether he has enough strength of decision, whether he has that indefinable something that makes people wish to follow him, I don't know.

**Maclean's:** You were very hard on Trudeau in your book.

**Hutchison:** I tried to be fair to Trudeau. His financial record, his economic re-

cord, in my opinion, says possible defiance. His treatment of certain persons was also indefensible. He was understood in many things. He understood abstract ideas—philosophies and histories. But he was never in touch with the ordinary Canadian—and couldn't be, for some reason, some block in his character. But I tried to be fair by pointing out that he is unquestionably one of the great figures of our history because he brought the Constitution home from England and put it where it belongs, after his predecessors had failed for more than half a century. He studied a Charter of

Rights and Freedoms. He passed an Official Languages Act and established the "French flag" so firmly that it can never be repealed. And shouldn't be. These were great achievements. And they saved his coat of mind. The negativity of economics and business did not interest him much.

**Maclean's:** But you did not like him personally?

**Hutchison:** He was a strange man. I've tried to be a good many times. I was to him first before he ever thought of going into politics. I was doing a piece for *Maclean's* in 1959 on the second centen-



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said, 900 years after the English conquest of 1703 on the Plains of Abraham I spent a lot of time in Quebec and Montreal and found myself on the porch of Trudeau's mother's house. I had never heard his name before, but somebody told me I must see him. He came out of the house in an old sweatshirt, a pair of slacks and sandals, carrying in his left hand a bottle of scotch. He put out his right hand and his first words were "Would you like a drink?" So we sat down and talked. Well, I wish I could have said that I recognized at once that this was a great man and a future Prime Minister, but I can't. Later, I knew him in Ottawa when he was minister of justice and again when he was Prime Minister. I had some interesting conversations with him. He could be so charming as could be and thus he could be very savage and brittle in his conversations.

**Maclean's:** What of the Prime Ministers was your favorite? **Hutchinson:** I had a deep friendship with Mike Pearson. He was the most lovable guy you ever saw. He talked to me with extraordinary candor. One of the men I admired very much as Prime Minister was St. Laurent. He was a great Prime Minister and a great gentleman. And very able. His intellectual machinery was superior to William Lyon Mackenzie King's, but he didn't have King's political antennae. There was no more honorable man in politics than St. Laurent. But I never was intimate with him.

**Maclean's:** What about Douglas? **Hutchinson:** I knew Doug extremely well when he was a little-known member of the House of Commons. He was very interesting because he was the best raconteur I ever knew. He was a good mixer, too, and talked a lot. He once told me that he didn't know whether he was a Conservative or a Liberal. He was a populist, whatever that means. He was idealistic in his politics, play-activism. He was an archbishop in a philosophical sense. Of course he was a tremendous fellow in Opposition. He did have a sincere sympathy for the little people of the little towns in Canada. And he passed the first Bill of Rights. It was the precursor of the great Charter we now have. But he was a man of such hatreds and animosities in his personal relations with people, even his cabinet. He was poisoned. He did not trust people and therefore his cabinet, with very few exceptions, did not like him at all.

**Maclean's:** Was journalism freer when you were a young man?

**Hutchinson:** It was censorious, but politics was much more dishonest then. Now politics, with all its misdeeds and shenanigans, is far more honest than it was when I was young. Oh, the scandal and corruption and dirty deals they had in those days would really shake you if you knew about them. ☐

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## Inventing new light bulbs

It was hailed as an alternative to fluorescent lighting. For more than 25 years people have complained that the flickering tubes often caused headaches and tired eyes. Then, in 1980, Canadian physicist Loren Whitehead of the University of British Columbia made a discovery that could change all

that. His invention, the "Light Pipe," delivers a gentle, even light which does not cause discomfort. As a result, Whitehead could eventually be as well-known as Thomas Edison, who devised a system of efficiently transmitting electricity into a light bulb, leading to the general use

Since he opened his Vancouver company, the (Total Internal Reflection) Systems Ltd., in April 1983, it has grown to a well-funded business employing 50 people. Businesses across the continent are paying up to \$600,000 for Light Pipe systems in their factories, research labs and open-plan offices. Whitehead, the man behind one of the few inventions that has actually lived up to its advance billing, says that Light Pipe will "penetrate the North American market in the hundreds of millions of dollars within five years and address the market overseas."

The discovery began in a basement physics lab in 1978, when Whitehead, then a 39-year-old UBC physics graduate student, was conducting experiments on the properties of matter at low temperatures. He noted his frustration with the quality of the room's standard fluorescent lighting. Said Whitehead: "It was not good enough to work comfortably." As a result, he invented a form of piping light, only to discover that an American design had already been done in 1952. Then, he designed a hollow, rectangular acrylic tube which is covered with minute, finely angled prisms. When he put a light source at one end of the tube, the light was reflected and transmitted down its full length. Although the design already existed, it was Whitehead who made the idea work. Said Whitehead: "The shape was simple. The question was, could we make the prism accurate enough. That was the hard part." He called the contraption a Light Pipe, adopting the name as his trademark in 1982.

The energy-efficient Light Pipe quickly demonstrated its advantages over fluorescent. Said Henry Lascaris, manager of BC Hydro's Coquitlam office, which uses Light Pipes: "People enjoy working by the light—it is soft, easy on the eyes and glare-free. And there is practically no maintenance."

As well, the Light Pipe may also make the beaming of natural sunlight into buildings a reality. With funding from the federal energy department, a pilot project is currently under way in the city of North York, Ont., where administrators are using the pipes and computer-controlled mirrors to direct sunlight through the top floor of an office building. The system could set new standards of efficiency each watt of sunlight provides more illumination than five watts of electricity.

Currently, the company is developing a domestic Light Pipe in the meantime, its \$300,000 display will glow at Expo 86.

—STEVEN RACENOVSKY in North York

## The flying rescuers

The road to one of Ontario's most modern hospitals ends inside past a little golf course, winds around a border of vast lawns and climbs a few hills. Away to the south, Toronto's skyscrapers rise against the cold clouds. Inside one of Butterville Airports' pale-green hangars stands a \$2.1-million helicopter named *Rescue*

of Markham. But because Ontario's most densely populated southern region depends on a quick response from the crew stationed there, the tiny village has won a special reputation among those whose lives its air ambulance team has saved.

Butterville's heli-chopper carries \$600,000 worth of medical equipment



Rescue 1 at coast site. \$600,000 worth of medical equipment, any fleet

1—a twin-turbine Bell 212 serving on a platform which can slide down steel rails and out onto the tarmac at a woman's notice. A moment's notice in all it usually gets *Rescue 1* to its air ambulance, part of a tiny, purpose-made fleet of three helicopters and two fixed-wing aircraft—all leased—based on five centres across Ontario. The fleet's job to ferry patients from accident sites or outlying hospitals is wherever the best advanced medical treatment can be found. Said Henry Brown, 55, the former armed forces colonel who runs the province's operation: "Our aircraft are flying intensive-care units."

The other bases of the service are in Sudbury, Thunder Bay, Timmins and St. John's—all bigger centres than Butterville. It is just a hamlet, a village of 50 homes grouped along Woodbine Avenue, north of Metropolitan Toronto's city limits, named for John Huron, who purchased land in the area in 1666. The 180 inhabitants are technically residents of the Town

for use in the air. Usually, it provides just one small part of the treatment a patient receives. Indeed, Ontario's entire air ambulance services initiated medical treatment on only 509 out of the more than 10,000 patients whom it served last year—the rest had already received care in the hospital from which they were being transferred. Still, Butterville's 11-member paramedic crew is Ontario's most highly trained. And last Oct. 30 the provincial health ministry pledged to increase the annual budget of the air rescue service to \$15.5 million from \$10.5 million and to upgrade the province's other air ambulance crews. As well, the government extended the entire operation to 24 hours a day from 12.

When an emergency call is received at Butterville a crew of two paramedics and two of the airport's own pilots race for *Rescue 1*. Said chief pilot Robert Hakaly, 32, who has worked with the service since it began at Butterville in 1975: "The pilots and paramedics are the front line in a team that co-

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*Sandwich*



# David Wood can choose from the world's finest coffees. He chooses Gevalia.

**A**t one time David Wood worked as an assistant photographer in London. Perhaps that's why there is such careful attention to the presentation of the food in his specialty food shop.

"I've always loved food, and I've always loved cooking." So, last May he opened David Wood Food Shop, which fast became one of Toronto's most interesting specialty food shops.

From the beginning, David had definite ideas about what kind of a specialty food shop he would have.

"We wanted the place to have an accessible feeling. People should feel free to browse without getting poked, or upon they should be able to ask questions and not feel stupid. That's why the kitchen is visible in the shop—so people can watch the chef and ask questions."

Selecting the array of exotic food products that crowd the shelves was easy. "I picked out

products that I would be interested in buying."

We asked if he would be interested in stocking Gevalia, an exceptionally fine coffee from Sweden. First, David said:

"I normally drink espresso, so that's the coffee I used. I liked the good, dark flavour. I'm always happy to stock a superb product in the store. I know if I like it, other people will."

Gevalia, the coffee that has been favoured by Swedish kings, is now available at a few select shops in Toronto. And more and more people like David Wood are finding that it is a coffee that tastes the way you've always wanted coffee to taste. Rich, full-bodied, with high flavour notes and a lovely piquancy. More and more people with the means to choose any coffee in the world, are choosing Gevalia.



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Illustration by Robert B. Brown

G E V A L I A

lands right up into the ministry of health."

Medics are in constant contact with their base hospitals for instructions. In Battaville's case that involves at the Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children or the University of Toronto's Sunnybrook Medical Centre—a sprawling complex that constitutes the largest hospital in Ontario, and the main trauma unit for the whole province. And Richard Hyatt, 38, a senior paramedic at Battaville: "We have to have direct radio contact with a physician, technically speaking. But it is an emergency, we were out of contact, the Ontario Health Directorate Act allows us to perform to the level of our training and take responsibility."

Inside the hangar the new quarters are small and well equipped. There is an office from which the pilot or co-pilot phones Transport Canada, for weather reports and duty rotation of changes to airports and bases. A few men sit at the office table, two simple beds for the all-night prescient team when they work late.

Next door, also opening onto the helicopter bay, is the broom-lined lounge with a TV, a sofa and some easy chairs, a fridge, a stove and a microwave. But the men in their time leisure, the dressed for the service is plentiful. Recently, members of the crew have

picked up premature babies in Bessie's and Peterborough, an Griffin man with a fractured skull, a child with a severe head injury from Perry Sound and victims of two car accidents from Orangeville.

They have also helped save more lives than have been lost. On Aug. 20 they took up Vincent Cassimiri, 38, a pharmacy student at the University of Toronto, was holidaying in southern Georgian Bay and boating across the waters of the Nottawasaga River struggling to hold onto a huge inflatable motor tube as his younger brother, Marco, 17, lay behind the family's 380-horsepower speedboat. As Marco turned the boat, the tube tightened. His brother shot across the wake, riding the rubber tube as it whipped him into a row of wooden pilings on the embankment. An ambulance raced him to Collingwood General and Marine Hospital, 30 km away. Then, at 4:30 p.m., hospital officials called Battaville—the third call it had received that day—and re-

quested a crew to pick up Cassimiri. At the time, there were thunderstorms on Georgian Bay. Although the weather looked ominous, the pilot, Jerry Bonty, elimated off the pad and made the 100-km trip in the orange-and-white helicopter anyway. At 4:45 Battaville 1 swooped onto the Collingwood hospital helipad, just two hours after Cassimiri's accident.

The crew knew that he was suffering from haemorrhage—arterial and blood in the chest cavity—and multiple rib fractures. As well, Cassimiri had extensive damage to the chest wall, making breathing almost impossible. Battaville 1's medics worked on Cassimiri in the Collingwood hospital for an hour, helping him stay in position the patient for



Bonty: "You're his."

transport.

But as they prepared to fly by their post to Toronto, a violent thunderstorm broke out. After a 16-minute wait Battaville 1 set off on a direct flight to Sunnybrook, alerting the hospital by radio of their arrival time and the patient's medical needs.

At Sunnybrook the patient was greeted by trauma specialists. Dr. Peter Lane, 38, a Canadian, Cassimiri recalls being wheeled into Sunnybrook's trauma room where three nurses, an X-ray technician and seven doctors—including residents in anesthesia, general surgery, orthopedics, neurosurgery and radiology—waited him. He declared, "I thought they would ask me questions. But they just grabbed me." Two weeks later Cassimiri was able to leave the hospital with no permanent damage. As for the crew members, they took two more calls that day and worked until 5 a.m.

Indeed, in the first 30 months of 1985 Battaville 1 alone spent almost 1,000 hours in the air on 677 emergency calls. Doctors at Sunnybrook do not claim that the air ambulance alone saved Cassimiri's life on that stormy August day, but it is clear that Battaville 1 helped. Sick emergency physicians Dr. Martin Friedberg: "I would think it contributed to his short stay in hospital—in a situation where he could have lost his life." As to tribute to the men who wait in the hangar north of Toronto, Friedberg added, "If I ever had to have something done to me, I would rather have them do it than a lot of physicians."

—NATHAN BART in Battaville

## COLUMN

# Getting rich—and selling out

By Charles Gordon

The shopping bags Canadians are now slipping in driving another nail into the coffin of Canadian culture. If you need another reason to feel seasonal guilt, there it is. The takeover of Postmedia Inc. is a mere flesh wound compared with the cultural damage we inflict upon ourselves each time we slip the credit card down the counter.

The mass we spend the more important money becomes in it. We think of ourselves as different from the Americans, but it is not only in the United States that wealth dominates the business life and the press has become a media superstate. It is not only in the United States that money has taken on a predominant position. It is not only American television studios that feature the late-night evangelism of self-made millionaires explaining how to make a fortune in real estate with no money down.

Disappointing as Canadians are, it is possible that we could even our own self-made millionaire to fill the late-night screens, but the problem is deeper. The problem is the relationship between materialism and the threat to Canadian culture.

Materialism is more than what we get invited to the Late Late Show. It is the dominant spirit of the present, and it seems, the wave of the future. While the middle and upper classes have always been known for their obsession with making a buck, now even the labouring generation of businessmen appears inclined to pursue art for something other than the sake of life. Here is how former Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell, an small entrepreneur himself, describes how a member of New York's lower class class went wrong: "These people are ambitious and goal-oriented and they want to make money and be successful. They're not content to sit around and talk about politics. Nicaragua doesn't raise their interest. They talk about themselves."

This trend toward, it doesn't look as if we can count on the kids to save us from ourselves.

Two events marked the beginning of Canada's Christmas season. The first was an explosion of ads in the newspapers for television sets and video cassette recorders. The second was a howl about the threat to Canada's cultural identity, sparked by the proposed takeover of the Prentice-Hall Canada pub-

lishing company by Gulf & Western.

Witnesses of the cultural wars know that previous levels have been louder. The question of this one has something to do with the circumstances—one American-owned firm being taken over by another. But it also has something to do with all those television sets and VCRs. The more money we have to spend, the more gadgets we spend it on, the stronger becomes the pull of foreign culture.

Whether this is the fruit of money or technology is an academic question. Technology creates money, money creates technology, technology creates a consumer demand fulfilled by money. This Christmas thousands of Canadians will buy VCRs and use them to play back American series reruns at Canadian-owned stores.

Each new gadget has the effect of bringing American culture closer to us. The VCR, the satellite dish, even the

**Thanks to cable, Canadians know more about the American Civil War than they do about the Northwest Rebellion**

home computer. French accents, a staple of Canadian spelling, are not available in the American-made word processing programs that are standard equipment in Canadian newspaper print rooms and a Canadian spelling, such as the word "centre," will be identified as a mistake by an American-made spelling check program.

Probably no technological sin is as widespread as that which affects the cable television. The ratings show it. The Grey Cup game was the only Canadian television program in last season's top five, and the competition grows tighter each year. In pre-Canada days all Canadian sports fans watched the Grey Cup when they lived close to the border and could receive the American television signals over the air, they had no choice. This year the choice was more than simple: while CTV and CBC showed the Grey Cup game, Canadians could watch the National Football League game from the United States on cable and CBC. On The Sports Network (TSN), a Canadian pay television station, the Canadian viewer could watch home show-jumping from New York, tel-

iewed by golf from Florida.

Canada was a conquer and more homegrown place in those pre-Canada days. There was one television channel to watch, later two. Cable-break conversation was the same across the country. "Did you see that line from Steve Davis last night?" Much has been said over the years about the loss of that program, but it is possible that if it existed today it would be swapped, as so many other Canadian programs are, by the competition. As often as not, Canadian cable-break conversation in 1985 centers the latest American mini-series. Thanks to cable, Canadians know more about the American Civil War than they do about the Northwest Rebellion.

The combination of money and technology in another Canadian cultural obsession, the six-team National Hockey League. Spurred by the hope of increased television revenues, the six, expanded several times, with the result that it now has 18 teams, most of them not very good, and is not discussed at cable break either.

Ironically, the increased competition for our cultural attention span is not the result of our relative impoverishment, compared with the United States. Rather, it is the result of increasing Canadian affluence. Despite a structurally weak economy, despite confining high unemployment, those Canadians who have money to spend have more to spend than ever before. And they are spending it. With every technological step they take, they are making it more difficult for Canadian culture to survive.

Or so it seems. Optimists agree that if we can spend our way out of a culture, we can spend our way into one and get something to work for national goals. That would be no problem. Previous attempts haven't worked all that well. Our efforts to make movies and television shows that could compete with the Americans on their own level, generally produced movies and television shows that were very bad and not the slightest bit as profitable. We have produced a couple of world-class television evangelists but not a single real estate agent with star quality. Still, the goal remains: a Canadian culture as strong as a Canadian credit card.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen. His last, The Governor General's Bonus Hop, is published this month by the Ottawa Citizen.



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# Tough talk and temerity

The glossy 27-page booklet pointed a promising picture of the state of federal-provincial relations. Proclaimed by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's office and distributed for his meeting in Halifax last week with the 16 premiers, the tract invited that

time's day gathering to be a "love-in" when the premiers praised Mulroney for bringing new harmony to federal-provincial affairs. But last week Mulroney was the target of sometimes strident provincial criticism.

The most heated debates during the nationally televised forum centred on

terio premier arrived in Halifax armed with a study by his government predicting that as many as 203,000 jobs—one-third of all the jobs in Ontario's manufacturing sector—could be jeopardized by a freer trade arrangement. Peterson also declared that anything from unemployment insur-



Peterson and Mulroney with Agriculture Minister John Wise (center): complaints but a compromise on U.S. trade

Ottawa had walked "the extra mile" for the premiers during its first year in office. But when Mulroney met the premiers in the Halifax World Trade and Convention Centre, heated exchanges began even before the first mid-morning coffee break. As the two-day event wore on, it became clear that Mulroney's most vocal critic on the overall issue of free trade and federal transfer payments to the provinces was Ontario's David Peterson, the only Liberal premier. "I don't want to bound you," Peterson told Mulroney, "I don't want to harp. But I want to persuade you."

The province's coolness in the face of the Prime Minister's determined optimism contrasted sharply with the euphoric mood when Mulroney met the premiers in Regina last February. Most observers considered that Hal-

ifax's proposed Canada-U.S. trade talks—and an Ottawa's plans to reduce its contribution to shared-cost programs with the provinces by \$2 billion a year by 1990. The premiers argued that the province must be represented at the negotiating table when talks on wide-area Canada-U.S. trade get under way, possibly early next year. Bob Robb's Columbia Premier William Bennett. "Physically, you must be there to hear the discussions, the demands and the responses to our demands." For his part, Mulroney pledged to work closely with the premiers, but one of his senior advisors told reporters in Ottawa that "it would be totally inappropriate to talk to Washington with 11 people around the table."

The debate over trade provoked the first of several political exchanges between Mulroney and Peterson. The Co-

alition to cultural industries could be in danger, insisted the premier. "We cannot trade away Canada's heart, we can we trade away Canada's soul," he retorted. Mulroney. "We're not talking about the heart and soul of Canada, but only about the 'commercial relationship' between the two countries."

During the second day of talks the Prime Minister and the premiers tried to narrow their differences on trade by compromise. Following private discussions, the 11 leaders agreed to "full provincial participation" in the trade talks—but gave themselves 90 days to work out exactly how. Alberta Premier Donald Getty, making his first appearance at a federal-provincial conference, said that he was pleased that Mulroney had agreed to provincial participation but he added, "Now the way that manifests itself is

what we are interested in."

When the discussion turned to federal-provincial fiscal arrangements, Mulroney and Peterson divided again. Mulroney charged that Peterson was showing "an unbecoming degree of temerity" in questioning Ottawa's commitment to health and education. Then Peterson declared that it required "temerity" to suggest that Ottawa was not breaking its undertaking to the provinces.

At the heart of the debate was the future of federal transfer payments, amounting to more than \$14 billion this year, which help the provinces pay for health care and higher education. Federal Finance Minister Michael Wilson said in his May budget that Ottawa would continue to increase the payments each year—but by less than the previous had earlier been promised. The new formula will save Ottawa \$2 billion a year by 1989. According to Peterson, that would not solve the problem of the \$33.5-billion federal budget deficit—"you're just transferring it from your pocket to mine." Other premiers expressed anger that the federal decision revealed an earlier understanding that transfer payments would remain untouched until 1987. Declared New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, "Prime Minister, you are breaking an agreement."

Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan appeared to be the most conciliatory, softening his earlier criticism of Ottawa's transfer payment policy after a one-on-one meeting with Mulroney at the eve of the conference. For his part, Mulroney tried to defuse the debate by delaying detailed discussions of transfer payments until federal and provincial finance ministers meet in Toronto on Dec. 12.

In the end, Mulroney managed to avoid fights by persuading the premiers to postpone their final decisions on both trade and transfer payments. But he acknowledged that his relations with the premiers had changed. Said the Prime Minister, "Some speak with some surprise at the end of the honeymoon. But for me there is no surprise. It is the normal evolution of a federal state in its relationship with its provincial counterparts." In the meantime, while Peterson and Mulroney's New Democratic Party Premier Howard Pashley told Mulroney that he may face tough encounters on the future, most of the other premiers, who are in political limbo were demurring, and he told Mulroney's that at times he almost resigned from his parliamentary seat. It was particularly frustrating, Mulroney said, to be out of the cabinet at a time when his Progressive riding, which includes the responsible selection during emergency of Thor-

—PAUL GOSSEL and CHRIS WOOD in Halifax

## A triumphant return

As he walked up to the House of Commons for the daily Question Period, Marcel Masse was clearly exhilarated. Outside of the House, Conservative back-benchers jostled to shake his hand, slap him on the back and hug him. Inside, his own party gave him a standing ovation. Just 64 days before, an ailing-faced Masse walked out of the Commons after announcing that he was resigning



Masse: two months in political limbo

an federal communications minister to await the outcome of an RCMP investigation into possible spending irregularities in his 1984 election campaign. But last week co-conspirator of Canada's elections Joseph Gorman announced that investigators had cleared him of all wrongdoing. Two days later Masse was sworn back into his old job. Said Masse, "Now it's time to go to work."

For Masse, the two months spent in political limbo were demoralizing, and he told Mulroney's that at times he almost resigned from his parliamentary seat. It was particularly frustrating, Masse said, to be out of the cabinet at a time when his Progressive riding, which includes the responsible selection during emergency of Thor-

Masse, was facing severe economic problems and more than 1,000 layoffs. "I would try to find solutions and suddenly realized that with all that to do, I had less and less power," he declared. In Halifax, where he is attending a conference of first ministers, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney said he was "delighted" by the resurrection of his senior Quebec member. Masse's return to the cabinet was also hailed by representatives of Canada's arts and multicultural communities. Although he spent the cultural community in his early months as minister, Masse later gained a reputation as a cultural nationalist. As a result, many members of the cultural community expressed concern that without his influence Canadian cultural sovereignty might be bargained away in future trade talks with the United States. Said Edmonton publisher and nationalist Mr. Herzig, "Mr. Mulroney's Masse will be a strong pillar in the cabinet to defend Canadian cultural interests at a very vital time."

But the clearance of Masse's name did not resolve all the questions surrounding his campaign in Fredericton for the September 1984 federal election. Gorman said that charges under the Canada Elections Act would be "laid shortly against other persons connected with the campaign" but he specifically excluded Masse's official agent in Fredericton, Jean Morinette. While Masse's election expenses return indicated that his campaign cost \$12,345—well below the permissible limit of \$50,000 in the riding—the RCMP investigation was believed to centre on \$3,000 in unreported expenses.

On the night of his reinstatement Masse hugged his wife on Parliament Hill, and they left for a quiet evening at home. "Everyone told me to be patient," he said. "I don't think I've ever been more patient in my life than this." But he made a swift return to political life. Hours after hearing that he had been cleared, Masse told reporters that one of the first things he would do was to see Jean in Fredericton. Jean Morinette, the clerk, whose recent statements have indicated that Canadian cultural industries will be involved in Canada-U.S. trade talks.

He also pledged to produce a study paper this winter to stimulate public discussion on cultural issues. Declared Masse, "If we have been able to reproduce our contribution from Britain, perhaps it's time to ask ourselves should we reproduce our culture?"

—BILLY MACKENZIE in Ottawa

## Capturing a dream

Their plan are as different as their two widely separated homelands. But for the 650-member Sechelt Indian Band of British Columbia's scenic Squamish Coast and the 55,000 One and a Half Nation of the Malenwa-Ashi Nation in rugged Northern Ontario, the dream is the same: the start of a bold experiment in native self-government in place of the overbearing control of the 100-year-old federal Indian Act.

Ottawa and Ottawa are poised to announce that they will negotiate self-government agreements with the Malenwa-Ashi, whose 12 communities in Northern Ontario stretch from Red Lake to Timmins, and eventually with the province's other Indian groups. At the same time, federal legislation is already being drafted with the Sechelt Band and the British Columbia government to grant unique municipal government powers to the band council.

Such progress seemed remote eight months ago, when a first ministers' conference on native rights ended in failure (Maclean's, April 15). The federal strategy now is clearly to establish demonstration models of native self-governments. The 50-month-old government of Ontario Liberal Premier David Peterson, for one, supports the idea. An Ontario cabinet document on native self-government obtained by Maclean's recommended

that Ottawa should be anxious to begin as soon as the Sechelt self-government legislation is approved by Parliament, possibly early in the new year. Projects planned on the reserve's holdings of more than 2,500 acres of land scattered around the Sechelt Peninsula, southeast of Vancouver include a 400-room marina-hotel complex at Wilson



Drum. After years of discussion, Ottawa is ready to grant new powers

Drum and a condominium complex on Pigeon Bay.

So far, any of the projects can be realized, the band will have to be freed from the provisions of the Indian Act, which requires the Crown to own and control reserve lands and grants the department of Indian Affairs sweeping powers over band policies. The band's proposals would make the act a legal entity.

Indian control over vast tracts of reserve land in Northern Ontario will also be the key to negotiations between the Malenwa-Ashi and the two levels

of government. The Ontario cabinet document listed areas to be negotiated, including Indian ownership of reserve lands and control of mineral rights, the funding of band-managed school boards, governments and social programs, and the possibility of "guaranteed participation in existing legislatures and even as school boards and other special purpose bodies." For his part, Grand Chief Dennis Comanetz of the Malenwa-Ashi people told Maclean's that a self-government agreement will likely require, initially, substantial increases in financial support from both levels of government. "As it is now," said Comanetz, "I'd say our communities are probably the poorest in the country."

Cost is not the only stumbling block. Other questions are raised by the provincial cabinet document and an internal federal paper obtained by Maclean's at the Sechelt negotiations. Among the concerns under native self-government, would aboriginal laws take precedence over existing federal or provincial regulations? Would the federal government be liable if a band broke a contract or ran into a financial difficulty? For its part, the Assembly of First Nations, the organization representing a majority of Canada's status Indians, told Maclean's negotiators that settlement might result in watered-down, municipal-style governments that will undermine the constitutional talks and dilute Indian culture. Dixon dismissed that concern in an interview. "When you are a

ward of the Crown," he asked, "what is your culture?" In the meantime, Comanetz said he hoped that the Ontario government would agree to begin negotiations soon, so an agreement can be in place before a scheduled 1987 constitutional conference. Siding the poverty, high mortality rates, social problems and poor living standards that have afflicted many Northern Ontario reserves under non-native governments, he added, "We could not do much worse."

—KEN MACQUEEN in Ottawa

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# Getting ready on the right in Alberta

Outside the province, few would question the conservative credentials of Alberta's 14-year-old Tory government. But according to a highly vocal Alberta minority, the Conservatives have taken the government down a dangerous "socialistic" path. Since 1980 five right-wing political groups have persistently questioned the Conservative commitment to free enterprise and attacked their economic policies. A pamphlet (published last year by the far-right Confederation of Regions (CCR) condemns the Conservatives as "Red Tories" and calls on Albertans to "reverse the trend toward more debt and taxes—the road to slavery to the banks and governments".



Ramsey: "we want to appeal to disaffected people"

So far, the right-wing parties—including the once-prod Social Credit—have had inconsistent success at the polls, partly because voters tend to be confused by their sheer proliferation. To improve their chances, some prominent right-wingers have been pushing for a united front—a provisionally named the Alberta Political Alliance—in time for the next provincial election, expected in the spring. With nearly 60 per cent of the 100,000 needed to register the party already collected, the proposed alliance could hold a founding convention early in 1986. Social Jack Ramsey, president of the Western Canada Concept, whose 1,200 members voted this month to support the Alliance. "We want to appeal to disaffected people who voted Progressive Conservative in the past and who won't vote for the socialists in the New Democratic Party."

The rhetoric of the right-wing parties gives them a distinctive voice in Alberta. Their leaders, including professional people, businessmen and farmers, want lower taxes and less government intervention in the economy and in the lives of Albertans. The parties draw their membership largely from Alberta's farm belt, where one in four of the province's 400,000 farmers has crippling debts. But they also attract Conservatives in other parts of the province who

were alarmed by the better fought leadership campaign that chose oilman Donald Getty to succeed Peter Lougheed as Conservative leader and premier in October.

The right-wing parties come in a variety of shapes and sizes with electoral records that range from modestly successful

legislature since 1979 but still offer Albertans its traditional form of populist conservatism.

The only party among the five that has a federal wing is the CCR, which collected 60,000 votes in the free western provinces in the 1984 federal election as a platform that included vigorous opposition to bilingualism. The 3,000-member Representative Party is the only one of the five main rightist groups that holds seats in the Alberta legislature. The party was created last January by two former Social Credit members sitting an independent status who advocate lower taxes and decentralized government (current standings in the 76-seat provincial legislature: Progressives Conservatives 74, SNP 2, Representative 1).

The push for a right-wing alliance began after a by-election in the north-western Alberta riding of Spirit River-Parkview in February brought four of the right-wing parties collectively within 280 votes of the number polled by the winning social candidate. To leaders of the right, the lesson was obvious. "If we don't form an alliance," noted Ramsey, the free enterprise vote will be split over the next election, and either the war will come up the centre or the Tories will be returned."

Ideologically, the parties are united in their suspicion of Getty's Tories and in their support for unfettered capitalism. They repeatedly object to provincial government moves to take a direct role in the economy, including the \$26-million purchase of Pacific Western Airlines in 1974 (the airline was subsequently resold to private interests in 1980) and a 1984 white paper proposing a "shareholder" government ownership of major resources and development projects. Alberta right-wingers also complain that

the province's administrative machine now has the largest civil service payroll per capita of any province (\$1.1 billion in 1983-84), the largest provincial cabinet (with 30 members) and the largest legislature in the country on a per capita basis (over 100 members). They will increase the number of seats from 79 to 83 in the next legislature. Parties of the right have tended to flourish in Alberta's political life ever since the defeat in 1938 of the populist, left-leaning United Farmers

government to virtually concentrate the Western Canada Concept (WCC) was founded in 1980 to press for an independent Western Canada but later abandoned separatism for an "Alberta First" position within Confederation. It won 12 per cent of the vote in the 1982 provincial election. By contrast, the one-year-old Heritage Party, which advocates the sale of all Alberta's Crown corporations, captured only 18 votes in a provincial by-election in February. The Social Credit Party, which ruled Alberta from 1938 until 1978, when Lougheed's Tories swept into office with a large majority, today has only 1,000 members—and has no elected member of the

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of Alberta, which ruled the province for 14 years but failed to solve farmers' economic problems. As well, heavy immigration from the United States around the time that Alberta attained provincialhood in 1905, and later during the oil boom of the 1940s and 1950s, has made Alberta one of Canada's most Americanized provinces. Socioeconomic waves of American immigration, noted University of Lethbridge political scientist Peter McCowan, have brought "experience and a set of ideas which are more in keeping with political trends in the U.S. than in Canada."

As a result, most of the right-wing parties espouse U.S.-inspired political reforms such as a fixed-term government, term of office, elected judges and referendums on moral issues such as abortion. But one leader, Brian Keirstead, an Edmonton millionaire, "is a Jeffersonian. I think the people should decide directly what kind of political structure they want."

To some extent, the proliferation of right-wing parties in Alberta was a reflection of deep-seated hostility to former prime minister Pierre Trudeau's federal Liberal governments and to the Liberals' 1980 National Energy Program, which contributed to the oil industry slump of the early 1980s. With the election of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Conservative government last year and the dismantling of the NEP, the appeal of the right wing has declined. As a result, both the CPC and Social Credit are the proposed Alberta Political Alliance as a way to reunite their fortunes.

But even though individual members of all five right-wing parties have promoted the alliance, the Representative Party and CPC remain officially cool toward the idea, preferring to try for their own electoral gains. A libertarian for Less Government, an ultraconservative citizen's lobby group, also questions the Alliance's future. But the lobby's director, Hal Schulte, "until a credible force shows up who is politically conservative, [the political] axis on the right won't have any reason."

In the meantime, the Conservatives have taken steps to neutralize the forces of the right by sowing to appease hard-pressed farmers. On Nov. 21 the Tory premier announced a \$100-million farm-aid package to help stallion the industry. The announcement was a tacit admission that the Tories are indeed vulnerable in rural areas, where almost half the seats in the legislature are located. But unless at least three of the right-wing parties join the new alliance and learn to work together, the Tories will likely continue to profit from their diversity.

—ANDREW KIRKPATRICK in Edmonton



Seemith's home in New Brunswick, a gem that was splashed in a hit

## A nightmare of violence

When Ernest Seemith retired in 1979 from his job as chief forester for pulp and paper company at Longlac in northwestern Ontario, he and his wife, Florence, wanted to live quietly in rural retirement. But after the couple settled into the home that they bought in the tiny western New Brunswick community of Debec, the Seemiths became involved in an escalating series of threats and violence that reached a shattering climax when Seemith died his shotgun at 21-year-old Lord Williams and fatally wounded him. After listening to six days of testimony, a Woodstock, N.B., jury last week delivered the 34-hour before acquitting Seemith of second-degree murder, convicting him instead on a lesser charge of manslaughter.

Seemith testified that a group of local youths often used a bridge adjacent to his property for late-night beer parties. On the first Halloween that they lived in their 2½-story frame house, Seemith testified, eggs were thrown at his house. "That was the start," he said. During the next two years, he added, local youths sometimes threatened his wife.

For his part, Crown prosecutor Stephen Wood said that Seemith seemed none of his own difficulties. "You people were not accepted in the community," he told Seemith in court. "You did not fit in." As well, a neighbor testified that the Seemiths received resentment by fencing off part of their property and telling local residents that they could not fish on their land.

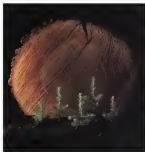
Last May the feud grew more violent. Seemith told the court that at 1:30 a.p.m. night, a crowd gathered near his house. "I heard rocks being thrown against the garage. There was a loud crash of glass against, and I found a broken window and a rock on Florence's bed," he said. "Someone could have been killed," testified Kevin McNeilly, a friend of Seemith's who said that the Seemiths appeared to fear for their safety.

A month later Williams was shot in front of the Seemiths' garage minutes after he had left a party on the bridge. Seemith told the court that he went downstairs with a shotgun after he had seen someone on his property. When he opened the garage door, he was confronted by Williams holding two beer bottles, asking if he was going to call the police. "He moved his fist and said, 'My fist is faster than your gun,'" Seemith testified. "I swung the gun and fired. I don't think anything was going through my mind when I fired."

On the last day of the trial Seemith looked subdued but he confided to his solicitor Douglas Woody, 33, of Fredericton, when it became apparent that the jury was having trouble reaching a decision. When he was found guilty of manslaughter, Seemith appeared surprised but calm. "Believe me," said Woody, "I don't think there had been no decision on whether to appeal the verdict—which could bring a suspended sentence or up to life in prison when Seemith is sentenced next week."

—KATHRYN BARLEY in Fredericton

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 The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

## Quebec future course

During the Quebec election of 1976 and 1981, when passions ran high over the issues of separatism and language, political meetings often degenerated into raucous, name-calling affairs. By contrast, the campaign for Quebec's Dec. 8 election was more decorous as Quebecers appear to have lost interest in nationalistic issues and are more concerned now with material well-being. In a demonstration of the new mood, supporters after a mass at a local church in the Montreal riding of Mercier last week, Gérard Gadin, the province's cultural affairs minister and local Parti Québécois candidate, looked up from his conversation with a group of friends and exclaimed in a figure standing nearby, "My friends," declared Gadin, "I'd like you to meet John Pariseila, my good friend—and adversary."

Even though Mercier was widely expected before Monday's vote to prove one of the most closely contested ridings in the election, supporters of both Gadin and his Liberal opponent, Pariseila, acknowledged that the two candidates were concentrating on the same kind of themes, promising good

management and economic progress. "Neither of us is going to deny the other's capabilities," noted Pariseila. "The choice is over things like job creation and at the overall team level—and that is where we expect to win."

In many respects the gentlemanly behavior of the two candidates—and the closeness of their race in Mercier—mirrored the campaign in the province as a whole, as Pierre Marc Johnson's riding pitched the challenge of Robert Bourassa's re-elected Liberals. But while the polls in the final week of the campaign showed the Liberals leading—and polls in the province tend to be unusually accurate—a survey in Bourassa's own riding of Berthoud on the South Shore of Montreal indicated a different reality. There, a poll conducted by the firm of SOGOSOM Inc. indicated that Bourassa was winning an early victory, National Relations Minister Jean-Guy Parent, by two points.



Gadin: job creator

Mercier, which was Bourassa's riding until he was defeated by Gadin in 1976, reflected conditions that were at work in this fall's campaign. Located in east-central Montreal, Mercier's 36,836 voters are predominantly lower middle class and mainly French-speaking. With unemployment in Mercier hovering at 15 per cent—two points above the provincial average—both candidates argued that the riding requires special help from the province. But language was not an issue in the riding campaign, even though both Gadin and Pariseila have been deeply involved in that topic—once the most contentious and divisive in Quebec politics.

Despite the absence of sharply divisive issues on the election campaign, some observers said that its low-key nature had, in fact, masked sharp divisions which will surface later. Noted Quebec Conservative MP Marcel Dugas: "It has been a gentleman's campaign—but I am not sure that is the best way for our province."

—ANTHONY WILSON SMITH in Montreal

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Hijacked Egyptian plane at Luge Airport; Canadian victims outside Concord and son Andrew (below): a 34-hour nightmare

## WORLD

# Murders with many causes

**P**olite and impeccably dressed, the plane was loaded at first glance like any other Arab jetliner. But as he sat down beside Australian engineer Anthony Lyons for Flight 666—EgyptAir's Nov. 28 Saturday-night flight from Athens to Cairo—Lyons noted that his seatmate seemed tired and extremely nervous. There were dark rings around his eyes, and he was sweating profusely. At the time, Lyons assumed only that his travelling companion was a nervous flyer. He was wrong. Twenty minutes after takeoff his nervous Arab businessman was suddenly transformed into a brutal and sadistic terrorist.

Brandishing handguns and grenades, he and four equally well-dressed Arab accomplices quickly seized control of the Boeing 737, diverted it to the Mediterranean island of Malta and, one by one, started to execute its passengers. It was the beginning of one of the world's most violent hijackings—a 34-hour nightmare that ended only after some 35

Egyptian commandos stormed the plane. The final toll: 59 dead, including four hijackers and two Canadians—Bessie, Alia, housewife Yehuda Leonardi and her 16-month-old son, Andrew.



But as hostages and official Egyptian officials last week, basic questions about both the hijacking and its aftermath remained unanswered. Among them: how the hijackers managed to smuggle weapons past security checks at Athens airport; substantially upgraded after the June 28 hijack-

ing of TWA Flight 840. Nor had investigators determined the true identities of the terrorists, which country or political faction they were working for—or even what they wanted. During almost 36 hours on the tarmac at Luge airport in the Maltese capital of Valletta, they had issued no demands other than for food and fuel.

There were serious reservations, too, about the Egyptian commandos' operation. Officials in Cairo initially claimed that most of the victims died from fires started by three grenades the hijackers had thrown just in the initial stages. But, identified Maltese authorities subsequently confirmed another, more troubling theory: that bombs detonated by the commandos probably killed the

majority. Ye girls' deaths in the plane the Egyptians planned operations on the cargo hold immediately beneath the rear cabin, into which the passengers had been herded. The bombs, sources said, were too powerful. As a result, they ignited nearby oxygen tanks and incandescent fans, producing a

toxic inferno that asphyxiated the passengers—including the Canadians—within minutes. Said Dr. Angelo Padua, medical chief of Valletta's St. Luke's Hospital: "They had four minutes out of their mouths, ears and noses."

Other observers said that several passengers were killed directly by Egyptian bullets in the darkness and confusion that followed the lightning assault, commandos apparently failed to restrain the hijackers and fired randomly at anybody seen running from the plane. One survivor, Mohammed el-Wadi of Alexandria, Egypt, recalled how he had managed to escape through an emergency exit only to find

marines refusing to free more passengers and the Maltese refusing to admit the plane—many experts said that not all the reasons of suspicion had been exhausted. The clear implication: Malta's decision to permit the Egyptian rescue attempt was premature. Although American anti-terrorism experts were on their way to Valletta, Maltese authorities denied landing rights to the U.S. military aircraft.

In part, the tragic aftermath in Valletta was reminiscent of another Egyptian commando operation—during a February, 1978, hijacking at Larnaca, Cyprus. In that affair, two Palestinian-led 17 hijackers aboard a commandeered Cyprus Airways DC-8 on



"The Egyptian army shooting at me 'Are you a dummy?' I shouted 'I'm an Egyptian citizen.' Praising his commandos and blaming the hijackers' leader Col. Muhammad Khudry for organizing the hijacking—Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak said that only seven bullets had been fired during the attack. But many experts on terrorism said that they doubted whether the assault had even been necessary. About 30 hours elapsed between the time the last passenger was killed by the hijackers and the beginning of the raid. Because of that gap, critics of the operation maintained, there was no urgent need to storm the plane.

From the control tower, Maltese Prime Minister Cyprian Chetcuti was talked directly with the chief hijacker, the only one to survive the commando assault (he carried a forged Palestinian passport identifying him as 32-year-old Omar Marouk). Although talks had reached an impasse—the ter-

rorists refusing to free more passengers and the Maltese refusing to admit the plane—many experts said that not all the reasons of suspicion had been exhausted. The clear implication: Malta's decision to permit the Egyptian rescue attempt was premature. Although American anti-terrorism experts were on their way to Valletta, Maltese authorities denied landing rights to the U.S. military aircraft.

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guard. But Mubarak was convinced enough of Khudry's involvement to reinforce Egyptian troops on the western border with Libya and put them on alert. After the Egyptian sources, the air strike had been planned by Tripoli after internal security agents in Cairo uncovered a Khudry plan to murder Libyan opposition figures in Egypt.

Although Mubarak also said that the operation had been staged by Salah el-Bunzahi, better known as Abu Nida, leader of a disident Palestinian faction opposed to Palestine Liberation Organization chairman Yasser Arafat. Three weeks after Arafat's rejection of a "Cairo declaration" renouncing PLO violence outside Israel. Any evidence of PLO involvement in the Maltese murders would almost certainly derail the Egyptian president's efforts to include Arafat in an international peace conference on the future of the Middle East.

Whatever their location or their cause, they were well trained. In the cockpit, Marouk ordered Capt. Hani Ghali to bank the Cairo-bound plane west toward Malta. After it landed, wounded commandos moved swiftly through the aisle collecting passengers from the 59 passengers and crew. One man—an Egyptian air marshal—remained behind as his support he produced a gun and killed one terrorist. The other hijackers responded with a blast of gunfire that wounded the Egyptian and two flight attendants. The exchange also wounded the plane's wingtip tank, depriving it of the ability to make it safe for prolonged flight.

The horror had only begun. After releasing 13 Egyptian and Libyan women, Mubarak—shouting and joking as he worked—methodically began taking hostages, shooting at point-blank range. The first shots victims were five Israeli and American citizens—although three of them survived—within minutes of the attack. Rezaul Ghafar, who was sitting in the rear, used a fire axe to disable the chief hijacker. "I heard the victims ask for mercy. They were sitting there waiting for someone to save us!"

For Australian Lyons, locked in a rear seat window and the next designated victim, the Egyptian assault brought well-timed liberation. But for the families of 59 other passengers, quietly buried at week's end in a memorial services on three continents, the memory of Flight 666 would be impossible to erase.

MICHAEL POMEROY with ALI AL-SHARAH in Washington. EILEEN DUFFIN in Cairo. SAMI GILBERT in Valletta. MICHAEL ROSE in Ottawa and TERRY WILLIAMS in Montreal.

## The legacy of a disaster

**T**he volume of evidence seemed overwhelming. When the official Indian government inquiry into last June's crash of Air-India Flight 182 adjourned temporarily last week after only six days of the hearings, it had received so fewer than 1,000 sworn affidavits compiled by the court, the often-complex testimony of three expert witnesses, two videotapes and a pivotal technical report by India's head of aviation accident investigations, Hoshkar Singh Khela. The material was an exhaustive—and confusing—that one expert assisting Indian Justice Bhupinder Nath Kirpal, who is presiding over the inquiry, fell asleep on the bench during the showcasing of a Canadian-made videotape on airport security.

The assessor's response contrasted sharply with angry exchanges between Indian and Canadian lawyers. At issue, affixing blame for alleged lapses in airport security. Experts have suggested—but never proven—that a bomb was the cause of the June 23 disaster, in which 329 people died. Indian scientists are examining wreckage



Kirpal: angry, confusing exchanges

diverged from the Atlantic off Ireland, and the Kirpal inquiry adjourned until late January to await their findings. The court-supplied affidavit suggested that there had been a failure in security screening at Toronto's Pearson International Airport, where Boeing-bound Flight 182 began.

In one statement, a security guard working for Burns International Security Ltd., a firm under contract to Transport Canada to screen luggage at the airport, said that a piece of baggage was loaded onto the Air-India flight even after it failed to pass inspection by an explosive-detection device. Another Burns guard then performed a second check. According to the affidavit the device issued a series of short "beeps" instead of a long whistling tone, as Air-India security experts had trained them to listen for. Burns employees also told the court that an X-ray machine used to screen baggage had broken down.

As lawyers representing both Air-India and the Indian government repeatedly pressed RCMP investigator Sgt. Michael Atkinson to define security responsibilities at the Toronto airport, lawyer Ivan Whitehall repeatedly objected. He contended that Kirpal's inquiry was set up to determine the cause of the crash, not responsibility for security lapses. In the end, Kirpal

brokered a bitter deadlock and sided with Whitehall. Said Kirpal after the inquiry adjourned: "Unless I get co-operation from all the parties, I don't get information."

Still, all three lawyers had serious reasons for pressing the issue. In Montreal lawyers representing relatives of the crash victims are preparing to file lawsuits in Canadian courts, claiming millions of dollars in damages. The conclusions of the Kirpal inquiry, expected next year, could determine which organizations are liable. Last week the Montreal law firm Hensar, Haskie announced that it would soon file suit against Transport Canada, Air-India, Burns Security and others. Although the full value of the lawsuits is still unclear, the firm's lawyers intend to claim \$3 million on behalf of one woman alone, a mother of three who lost her husband in the crash. For its part, Air-India has offered settlements to victims' families of as much as \$10,000, an amount that 34 families have accepted.

Meanwhile, unrest in the Indian state of Punjab—the main reason for speculation about the Boeing 747's disappearance last summer—showed signs of renewal last week. At the time of the crash, officials of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi's government blamed Sikh extremists for Punjab inde-

pendence for planting a bomb on the aircraft. Sikh leaders have charged that the Gandhi government has consistently—and wrongly—blamed them for the Air-India disaster. Since the crash Gandhi has sought reconciliation in the troubled state, signing a pact that allowed moderate Sikhs to gain political control.

Last week's unrest centered on the shooting of a high priest at the venerated Golden Temple in the holy Sikh city of Amritsar. Further violence followed with the murder of two policemen in the Pincobar district in Punjab. Indian security forces were put on alert along the state's border with Pakistan, where authorities say Sikh extremists often find shelter. Witnesses said that three turban-wearing gunmen shot and wounded high priest Giani Sahib Singh while he knelt in prayer before a crowd of 20,000 worshippers. The young gunman, suspected of being Sikh extremists opposed to the moderates' alliance with Gandhi, then fled into the panicked crowd. Declared Jarnail Singh Uthwal, leader of the moderate Sikh Akali Dal party: "How can the life of an ordinary pilgrim be considered safe when the temple high priest is a target?" Sahib Singh, whose bodyguard died in the attack, had received death threats ever since he refused to condemn a bloody

1984 invasion of the temple by the Indian army. That action, ordered by Rajiv's mother and predecessor, Indira Gandhi, resulted in a occupation by Sikh militants. Four months later Indira Gandhi herself was dead, assassinated by her own Sikh bodyguards.

Only hours after last week's shooting, Canada's department of immigration lifted a ban on the deportation of Indian migrants who claimed, but had been denied, refugee status. Ottawa cited a lessening of tensions between Gandhi and the Sikh minority as the reason for the action. When Ottawa had banned deportations last January, saying political violence in the Punjab at the time, about 3,000 Indians were allowed to stay in Canada under the ruling. Last week Immigration Minister Walter Molson pledged to review conditions in the Punjab regularly, but the lifting of the ban brought immediate protests from Canadian Sikh leaders. Gurnar Singh, executive director of the Federation of Sikh Societies of Canada, for one, declared that by deporting Sikhs to India, Ottawa would be exposing them to serious danger. He added: "The situation in India is not stable. If any proof was needed, the proof [came] in Amritsar."

—ANNE MITCHELL, with correspondents' reports

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# Selling secrets to friends and foes



Pelton (right) in FBI custody: an embarrassment had just

During the day Richard Helms Pelton handled sensitive secrets of the United States government for 14 years (1963-79), the pale and balding communications expert worked for the top-secret U.S. National Security Agency (NSA), devising ways to intercept Soviet communications. But at night, after he left his job at Fort Meade, Md., he drove to his Howard County home, a spindly shack with ceiling-covered windows, no indoor plumbing and two rusted mattresses on which he, his wife and two children slept. Earning less than \$20,000 in 1979 and deeply in debt, Pelton was finally forced to declare bankruptcy. Then his wife left him, and a desperate Pelton apparently found some new friends and a way out of poverty working for the Soviet KGB.

Pelton was one of four spies who appeared in U.S. courtrooms last week in three unrelated espionage cases. But according to intelligence experts, the Pelton affair was among the most damaging in a six-month series of intelligence breaches that have compromised American security interests. One senior administration official commented "This has been an extremely nasty bad year for us. It's going to cost us millions to cleanup, if we can."

FBI spokesmen say that Pelton, 64, confessed to selling secrets to the Soviet Union and that he was also identified as a Soviet agent by Vitaly Turchenko, the KGB defector who returned

to Moscow last month after claiming he had been kidnapped by the CIA. While Pelton worked at NSA headquarters, the largest but least-known U.S. intelligence organization, he helped to intercept telephone, wire, radio, microwave and satellite signals within the Soviet Union. He also had extensive knowledge of U.S. decoding devices, as well as the names of the NSA's most brilliant elite clerks.

Armed with that information—allegedly purchased by the Soviets for \$65,000—Moscow could have discovered which of its internal communications systems had been penetrated by U.S. underlings. Then they could have disseminated false information to the Americans. Such a CIA cryptologist, "Pelton had the keys to the code store."

Earlier, the FBI arrested U.S. Navy intelligence analyst Jonathan Pollard and his wife, Anne Henderson-Pollard, on charges of spying for Israel, and a federal court indicted former CIA analyst Larry Wotus Chin on charges of selling secrets to China. Those actions caused embarrassment in Jerusalem and led Washington to send a formal protest to Tel-

ling. Israeli officials began a preliminary investigation into charges that Pollard, 31, a civilian employee of the Naval Intelligence Service, had provided Israel with hundreds of pages of classified military documents including secret codes used by the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Knowledge of the codes could help Israeli intelligence obtain U.S. assessments of Arab military capabilities. At a trial hearing last week the FBI also claimed that Henderson-Pollard was apprehended with classified documents relating to the Chinese military. A search of the couple's Washington apartment turned up another 80 secret documents hidden in the master bedroom.

Last week Jerusalem recalled two Israeli diplomats linked to Pollard, including a consulate official in New York through whom he allegedly passed information. Then, two respected Israeli newspapers named Rafi Eytan, an adviser on counterterrorism to former Prime Minister Menachem Begin, as the man who recruited Pollard. Eytan swiftly denied the charge.

In Peking, Chinese officials denied any link with Chin, a former employee of the CIA-associated Foreign Broadcast Information Service. The grand jury charged that Chin, 35, had provided a variety of information to China since 1962, including the location of Chinese prisoners during the 1960-65 Korean conflict. The indictment said that Chin earned more than \$145,000 and the rank of deputy bureau chief in China's public security ministry in reward for his spying.

One senior administration official said that with thousands of foreign agents working against the United States, "It is hardly a surprise to learn

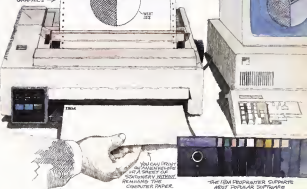
that there are spies within the U.S. government." But former CIA director Stansfield Turner declared that the secret disclosures make it essential to tighten security procedures in the intelligence community. "Whether the data is significant or not," Turner added, "anyone who is passing information like this should be caught in less than 30 years."

—ANDERSON  
S. Washington

Pollard's secret codes



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## MEXICAN CITY

## Debating reform



John Paul II returns

were led by Christian Cardinal Archbishop Maximiliano Hernández Maestri. He proposed the creation of a new, permanent council with legislative power to decide, with the Pope and "under his authority," questions now handled by John Paul II and the church's bureaucracy, the Roman Curia. But Cardinal Humberto Medeiros of Belo Horizonte said that the tension between the bishop and the Pope, who each claim divine authority, may never be eased—"theologically or intellectually."

## SOVIET UNION

## Sizing up the summit

Mikhail Gorbachev, the Politburo ranked solemnly behind him, briefed the Supreme Soviet last week on his historic Geneva meeting with President Ronald Reagan. In a televised 80-minute address, the general secretary tried to convince hard-liners that the summit was a success, calling it a positive step toward better understanding. "A dialogue of top leaders is always a moment of truth," he said. "It is a stabilizing factor in itself in these troubled times." Still, the Soviet leader blamed Reagan's insistence on proceeding with the U.S. Strategic Defense Initiative—Star Wars—for the failure to agree on significant arms reductions. "To restore the balance," he added, "the Soviet Union will have to enhance the efficiency, accuracy and strike power of its arms in order to neutralize Star Wars." Gorbachev also repeated his call for a nuclear test ban—a move Reagan rejected in July because further tests were needed to catch up with the Soviets. But with American officials celebrating the Thanksgiving holiday—and Reagan himself relaxing at his California ranch—there was no immediate response to the latest offer.

## JAPAN

## Trouble on the rails

Armed with wire cutters and home-made fire bombs, about 300 masked saboteurs swarmed out during dawn raids on Japan's national rail way system last week, shoving commuters into trains, halting commuter trains and causing trash-floor pandemonium. Street tensions erupted as 22 lines of rail service in seven provinces, leaving 18 million commuters and travelers in Tokyo and Osaka scrambling for suitable suburbs, buses and taxis. The saboteurs provoked with a 16-hour strike by the Chuo Locomotive Union to protest govern-

ment privatization of the debt-ridden national railway. But police blamed the Chūkoku-ho (Middle Core Faction), a radical group with a history of violent attacks on public institutions, including Tokyo's Narita airport during recent demonstrations against the extension of a runway. Goto chairman Hiroshi Nakano said that his union was not involved in the transportation sabotage, which forced many schools and businesses to close for the day. For his part, Japan National Railways president Takaya Sagara took personal responsibility. "I don't know how to apologize for this truly unfortunate incident," he said.

## INDIA

## A look back in anger

One year ago this week, a cloud of methyl isocyanate gas drifted through the Indian city of Bhopal and silently snuffed the populace in the world's worst industrial accident. More than 2,500 victims, most of them still asleep in the early morning, suffocated when the aerial fumes leaked from a local Union Carbide pesticide plant. About 20,000 residents were blinded, and 800,000 others suffered damaged lungs, kidneys, nerves and nervous systems. Last week, as the anniversary approached, Union Carbide Corp. (UCC) of Danbury, Conn., announced that it would begin distribution of a \$5-million asbestos payment—ordered last April by a U.S. district court—to survivors and relatives of the dead. As well, the Bhopal state government formally accused the company of "intentionally dangerous and defective plant conditions" before an Indian judicial inquiry. And in Bhopal itself, residents began a series of demonstrations—including barrage-in-effigy of UCC chairman Warren Anderson—to protest what they described as inadequate relief efforts and to demand more compensation. Roughly 11,000 survivors, said Bhopal doctor N.P. Misra, are "burn-out cases" who will need medical and financial help for the rest of their lives.

## UNITED KINGDOM

## Sealing a pact



Paisley's 'Outrages'

Following a heated two-day debate on the Anglo-Irish accord, Britain's House of Commons voted 473 to 41 last week in favor of the pact that gives the Irish Republic a symbolic voice in the affairs of Northern Ireland. Chairman "British betrayal," Protestant leader Brian Pausley and 14 fellow Ulster Unionists resigned from their seats in the House of Commons in protest. The angry Mr. said they would seek re-election early next year, turning the provincial by-elections into a referendum on the New 15 agreement signed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her Irish counterpart, Prime Minister Garrett FitzGerald. Paisley declared that the agreement would "destroy forever" any chance of reconciliation between the province's warring Protestant and its Roman Catholic minority. Still, he reassured the House that Protestant opposition could not be violent. "There is going to be no rioting in the streets," said Paisley. "We are going to use democratic practices."

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9-band equalizer gives you a sound system that's more than a connoisseur could ask for. And luxury options include a wide open sun roof and sumptuous glove leather upholstery.

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# The small car invasion

The new Chevrolet models that started rolling into showrooms across North America in October sported a classic symbol of the U.S. auto industry—the Chevrolet grill badge, shaped like a bow tie. But three of the

models, they would "either abandon or be forced to abandon most of the nation's small-car capacity by 1990." Added Sellen: "If U.S. automakers cannot manufacture small cars profitably at home, they will eventually lose the capacity to compete profitably

Co Ltd. and Nissan Motor Co. Ltd. already have factories in the United States, and Mazda Motor Corp., Mitsubishi Corp. and Toyota Motor Corp. will open plants by 1990. Toyota, Honda and Hyundai Motor Co., the South Korean automaker, are also con-



General Motors assembly plant; Narvige: Foreign pressure may squeeze domestic manufacturers from the small-car market

Chevy models—the Nova, Spectra and Sprint—are anything but all-American. Indeed, the three model lines share two factors: each is a key link in General Motors Corp.'s 1990 small-car line, and each is made in Japan, or in the United States with the Japanese as partners. Indeed, the fact that GM, the world's largest industrial company with 1994 sales of \$115 billion, is for the first time offering Japanese-made cars in its lineup, seems the United States has left much to a disturbing conclusion reached by some auto industry analysts: despite robust sales and high profits in 1985, U.S. automakers may be forced out of the small-car market.

One major study warning of that possibility was published by Malcolm Sellen, Alan Webber and David Dyer, professors at the Harvard Business School in Cambridge, Mass. They concluded that if the big three car manufacturers were unable to meet the competitive threat from foreign com-

panies, they would "either abandon or

The Harvard study made it clear that the battle for the small-car market has entered a critical phase. North American auto makers—which cannot build cars as cheaply as the Japanese—are increasingly selling Japanese-made cars under their own nameplates. But Japanese automakers are attempting to secure their access to the North American market by building plants in the United States and Canada.

By 1994 Japanese plants will assemble one million vehicles a year in the United States, enough to supply about one-third of the U.S. market. Honda Motor

Co. Ltd. and Nissan Motor Co. Ltd. already have factories in the United States, and Mazda Motor Corp., Mitsubishi Corp. and Toyota Motor Corp. will open plants by 1990. Toyota, Honda and Hyundai Motor Co., the South Korean automaker, are also con-

panies, they would "either abandon or be forced to abandon most of the nation's small-car capacity by 1990." Added Sellen: "If U.S. automakers cannot manufacture small cars profitably at home, they will eventually lose the capacity to compete profitably

But while consumers might gain from the competition, domestic car makers warn that the result will be fewer jobs. Norman Clark, president of the Toronto-based Motor Vehicle Manufacturers' Association, whose 200 members employ 86,000 Canadians, and that if Americans buy more imports. "That leaves less of the U.S. market to be served by Canadian domestic plants."

The result, Clark said, is that 25,000 of the 130,000 Canadians in the auto manufacturing and parts industries could lose their jobs in the next decade. He added that the increased competition will force Canadian companies to cut costs "by going offshore or arranging for foreign-designed vehicles to be assembled in Canada." Ford Canada will start importing a subcompact made by the company's Taiwanese associate, Ford Lia Hi, by September.

Some auto industry observers say that the threat of the North American companies are exaggerated. Declared one official in the federal department of regional industrial expansion: "Clearly, the trend in North America is toward more companies and more penetration by foreign manufacturers. But it is in the corporate interest of the domestic companies to get people alarmed about the situation." Added the official: "The fact is, we were pleased to see new investment in Can-



Neil Fung, president of the National Automobile Manufacturers Association

million vehicles, or about 20 per cent of the total U.S. market. But that figure leaves the Japanese with 44 per cent of small-car sales. In Canada foreign automakers have 38 per cent of the total market—the Japanese are listed to 38 per cent overall—and 42 per cent of small-car sales. Said Maryann Keller, a New York-based auto analyst with Vinton Fischer Associates Ltd.: "The domestic industry has been living in a special paradise for the past few years because actions taken to limit supply have increased prices. Additional supply will tend to push prices down, which will squeeze the domestic margin."

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ada by Toyota, Honda and Toyota. We worked hard to get them here."

Domestic manufacturers have been unable to eliminate the Japanese price advantage—an estimated \$2,000 per small car—despite investing billions of dollars to improve efficiency. Said auto analyst David Haily of the New York-based investment firm Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc.: "Ford is building, on average, a better car than its domestic competitors. But the company still can't hold a candle to the Japanese in terms of quality."

As well, Japanese factories in the

small-car market, Chevrolet's Sprint is made by Suzuki Motor Co. Ltd. And the Chevy Nova, a new offering under an old name, is assembled largely from Japanese parts by New United Motor Manufacturing Inc., a GM-Toyota joint venture in Fremont, Calif.

For its part, Chrysler, which has imported autos made by Mitsubishi for 15 years, is plotting a major new small-car line called the Ranger. Although a factory site has not been announced, Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca warned earlier this year that the company may look abroad to manufacture the low \$20,000 "I don't want to give you the idea that, long-term, you're going to see a lot of small cars built in America."

So far, Ford has resisted importing much of its product line, but the company is changing that strategy. For one thing, Ford, which owns 55.9 per cent of Mazda, will sell some of the vehicles from the Japanese company's first U.S. plant—due to open in 1987—through its own dealers.

The domestic auto companies face an other menacing prospect: a wave of new competitors in the small-car market. Since 1979, Hyundai will start selling its Excel model in the United States for about \$7,500. And South Korea's Daewoo Corp. will start selling cars in the United States by 1987. As well, the first auto imports from eastern Europe have already reached America's shores. Earlier this year Yugoslavia's Zastava (Zastava Enterprises) started selling a subcompact car through Yugo of America Inc., whose president is entrepreneur Malcolm Brivlin. Called the Yugo, the vehicle's \$3,500 (U.S.) price tag is expected to make it the cheapest car in America. With so many competitors swarming field car buyers, U.S. makers will be forced to market all their resources or face erosion from the small-car market.

—IAN MINTON in Washington with LINDA GARRELL in Toronto



United States still produce automobiles at a lower cost than U.S.-owned overseas plants of America Manufacturing Inc., for one, produces 130,000 Accord models annually at its three-year-old, \$200-million factory in Ohio. Honda's 1988 production "assessments," as the company calls its work, show that 600 cars a day—a rate of 20 workers per car, compared with an average of 4.5 workers per car at U.S.-owned factories.

Faced with the daunting proficiency of the Japanese, the domestic industry is already conceding some of the



# A galloping horse for a Korean Pony

In the winter of 1988, groups of South Korean engineers visited Canada, with a special mission—to test for the first time under rigorously mild conditions a subcompact car manufactured by the Hyundai Motor Co. The subject of their attempts was the Pony, a South Korea-made subcompact already popular in the Orient. The engineers decided to install a larger battery, as well as a stronger heater and defroster, different rubber and plastic parts and lighter grades of grease and oil. The changes solved the problem to their satisfaction—not, apparently, to the satisfaction of Canadian car buyers. The \$6,500 Pony has become the best-selling imported car in Canada, and Hyundai Motor Co.'s Canadian subsidiary, Hyundai Auto Canada Inc. of Markham, Ont., is now Canada's leading importer of foreign-made cars—by a wide margin.

September sales figures show that one out of every nine cars sold in Canada—and one-third of all foreign cars—was a Hyundai. The company's success has surprised the entire industry, including executives at Hyundai. Hyundai officials say that they originally expected the Canadian market to be only a test of North American tastes before trying to break into the giant U.S. market. But Canada itself quickly became a major market for Hyundai, absorbing one-fifth of the company's total output.

Within weeks of offering the first Pony for sale in January, 1984, Hyundai officials revised sales projections for the first year to 10,000 from 4,000 units and finally to 10,000. By the end of 1984 more than 10,000 Ponies were on Canadian roads, and the company's U.S. plant in Korea was scrambling to fill Canadian orders. "Even the factory could not believe what we were selling there," said Hyundai Auto Canada's chief operating officer, Norman Gibbons. Added N.M. Kim, Hyundai's manager of export operations in Seoul:

"It is a mystery to us why Canadian consumers reacted so well to the Pony. We believe they are right to think we have a tough car—but we do not know how they got that opinion."

In the first 10 months of 1985 Hyundai sold more than 60,000 cars in Canada, including 30,000 of the \$6,000 Stellar, an options-loaded model introduced eight months ago. Hyundai's nearest import rival, Japanese-owned Honda Canada Inc., sold 51,400 cars in the same period. But Hyundai executives say that they are determined not to rest on their lead. The capacity of

the U.S. plant has been doubled to 300,000 cars a year. In February the company will make its debut in the United States, one month after introducing a new line in Canada, the \$7,500 Hyundai Excel, a five-passenger, front-wheel-drive machine occasionally more advanced than the "old technology," rear-wheel-drive Pony and



Wakeup: ready for the competition

Stellar. Douglas reports that some Excel models have been modified in Korea because of problems with hoses and fuel tanks, Gibbons says. "I think it's going to be another Pony."

In Canada company officials have used verily to counter criticism from manufacturers and anyone that it is taking jobs from Canadian auto workers by selling cars made outside Canada. In April, Hyundai executives announced that the firm will build a \$30-million parts factory in Newmarket, Ont. Then, three weeks ago in Manito-

wb, Hyundai Auto Canada president Sang Huk Park announced that the firm would build a \$200-million car assembly plant—its first outside Korea—near Brampton, Ont., 70 km south-west of Montreal. When the plant reaches full production in 1990, it will produce 100,000 cars annually and provide 1,800 jobs directly and 1,600 jobs indirectly.

But Hyundai's Japanese competitors contend that the Korean firm enjoyed unfair tax and other advantages from the Canadian government. The Japanese dominated small-car sales through the 1970s, but in 1983 Ottawa imposed "voluntary export restraints"—quotas—as Japanese carmakers. Dealers who had once filed their lots with 75,000 Corollas and Civics began importing \$17,000 Crosledes and Maximas. Canadian car buyers seeking low-cost, high-quality cars turned to Hyundai, frustrating many Japanese dealers.

Figures released last month indicate that Japanese imports have increased by 20 per cent since the quotas formally began in March. But even with that increase they now account for only half the import market, compared to 80 per cent before quotas were imposed. Moreover, Japanese car companies remain wary of a recent report submitted by the ministers of regional industrial expansion and international trade that they will continue to "incubate" their imports. "If we flood the market, then we are in trouble," said Kim Kwansu, president of Nissan Automotive Co. (Nissan's Ltd. "We will have to be very careful.")

Japanese automakers also cite another advantage that Hyundai enjoys as a result of official tax policies. Korea's status as a developing nation makes Hyundai exempt from a 25-per-cent duty on imported cars. That will end in January, 1987, when Hyundai imports will become subject to a six-per-cent duty. But Hyundai dealers insist that the Japanese are wrong to claim that a full tariff will seriously reduce the balance. Indeed, the advantage conferred by Korea's 54-an-hour wage rates will allow Hyundai to offer formidable competition to any contender.

The sooner they income during the "winter," said a senior Hyundai executive, "the better." Hyundai's president, N. S. Park, co-owner of Telus Motor Co. Ltd., a Hyundai dealer in North Vancouver. "The competition won't be able to gripe anymore. We are ready."

—MARC CLARK in Toronto with GARY HANRAHAN in Seoul

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## War over western hogs

For years many Albertans regarded the outcome never of Peter Pocklington—the flamboyant entrepreneur who once the Stanley Cup champion Edmonton Oilers hockey team—as a symbol of the West's new success. Then the recession struck Western Canada in 1982, and Pocklington's empire began to crumble.

Indeed, in 1983, at the same time that Pocklington was competing for the leadership of the Progressive Conservative party, his most important competitor—Fletcher Trust Co. and Patrician Food Corp., both of Edmonton—were about to fail. And last week Pocklington faced a crisis that could end his latest effort to rebuild his shrunken holdings. After leading his profitable Edmonton-based meat packing company, Gainers Inc., in an 18-month battle to break the Alberta Pork Producers' Marketing Board (APMB)'s control over the sale and pricing of hogs, Pocklington suffered a serious blow: Fletcher, by repudiating a two-year contract with Fletcher's Fine Foods Ltd. of Vancouver for the majority of the hogs sold in Alberta, cut off Gainers supply of pigs, threatening its ability to continue its slaughtering operations.

At a news conference held hours after the board's decision, a Gainers top executive vowed to continue what has become known locally as the hog war. Gainers' tough-talking president, Boston-born Leonard Bolanos, whom Pocklington joined in January 1984, is leading the fight against the board, and the company would stay in operation.

### Without a steady supply of hogs for his packing company, Pocklington's plans for financial renewal are threatened

By cancelling its three-week-old campaign to bypass the APMB by purchasing pigs directly from Alberta's 1,300 hog farmers, Bolanos claimed that the company would be forced to return to the board and Fletcher's to squeeze Gainers out of business. "Still, it is doubtful whether Bolanos can convince enough of Alberta's hog farmers to risk legal penalties by circumventing the board—the sole legal sales agent for pigs in Alberta—and sell directly to Gainers. The APMB's contract with Fletcher's, which runs a hog slaughterhouse in Red Deer and is Gainers' only competitor in the province, permits Fletcher's to buy up to 25,000 of the 38,000 hogs that are available for sale in an average week in Alberta. Gainers was processing 14,000 hogs a week before it decided on Nov. 15 to outbid the board's price by \$4 per pig. If farmers would sell directly to the company, but Gainers is receiving only 10,000 pigs per week, Bolanos has publicly acknowledged.

Although Bolanos said that Gainers can operate by killing only 10,000 pigs weekly at such reduced levels its profitability—last year Gainers earned less than \$25 million on sales of \$400 million—is in doubt. And a money-losing Gainers would eliminate Pocklington's last major source of revenue. Indeed, since the failure of Patrician Food Corp. and Pabst's in 1983, Pocklington has relied on profit from Gainers to finance his business ventures. At one point he pledged his Ottawa-based company, Fletcher's, to Gainers to finance his business ventures. At one point he pledged his Ottawa-based company, Fletcher's, to Gainers to finance his business ventures. At one point he pledged his Ottawa-based company, Fletcher's, to Gainers to finance his business ventures.

Pocklington started the hog war in 1984 when he claimed that because the APMB owed Fletcher's, which it bought for \$14 million in 1981, his competitor was favored during the delivery hog auction. Gainers spokesman also charged that the board's practice of setting a minimum price for hogs amounted to price-fixing. Gainers took the price-fixing charge to court, but early last week Mr. Justice W.E. O'Leary of the Alberta Court of Queen's Bench dismissed the charge.

For his part, Gerry MacMillan, president of Fletcher's, said that Pocklington started the fight with the board in order to drive down prices and get more money from Gainers' hog operations. He added "Peter needs a lot of change for his other games. He wants all the money now."

Indeed, Pocklington wants to expand Gainers into a national company. Last May, Gainers bought Burlington, Ontario-based Magic Feasting Foods Ltd., a food processing company. And in October, Pocklington bought three meat-packing plants in St. Louis, Mo., creating a 1,000-employee "meat operation."

If Gainers cannot buy enough hogs to continue its operations, Pocklington has said that he may relocate the company in Saskatchewan. But many financial analysts say they doubt that the flamboyant entrepreneur can af-



Pocklington charges of price fixing

ford to move Gainers without securing financial assistance from the Saskatchewan government. Bruce Robinson, an independent financial analyst in Edmonton, estimated last summer that the 76-year-old Gainers plant was worth about \$55 million as an operating business.

As well, Gainers might also have difficulty borrowing money to buy a new plant. Indeed, Gainers has already used \$42 million of a \$70-million line of credit it has with the Toronto-based Continental Bank of Canada.

MacMillan moved swiftly to secure Fletcher's lock on Alberta's hog market. In announcing the contract with the APMB, which increased by nearly 48 per cent the number of hogs that Fletcher's kills each week, he said that the company will add 130 employees as a second shift in order to handle the increased supply of pigs. Many of the new employees will come from the Gainers plant in Edmonton.

For his part, Pocklington said that the hog war had already cost him \$1.2 million in legal and advertising costs. He said that the hog war had already cost him \$1.2 million in legal and advertising costs. He said that the hog war had already cost him \$1.2 million in legal and advertising costs.

—MICHAEL GALTIERI in Toronto and GENE LAVIN in Edmonton

## RENOWNED AT REUNIONS

Carving the bird!



Christmas is for sharing!



Character and quality

## A welcome mat for shoes

With sewing machines clattering in the background and the sounds of glue and polish ringing in her family's Toronto shoemaking factory, Louise Valente, 38, hurried to fill winter boot orders. But as the citizens turned out black leather apes and the seams upped through shiny white linings, Valente, vice-president of Star Valsco Co. Ltd., surveyed her busy staff of 400 last week and declared that she is increasingly worried that many of the men may lose their jobs. Indeed, she said that the federal government's late November decision to lift its import quotas on men's shoes in Dec. 1 and to phase out quotas on women's shoes over the next three years will lead to a flood of low-priced imports. And that, she said, would force shoemakers to lay off employees. Said Valente: "I think they're scared. I'm young. I have education. I'll find something to do. But what will they do?"

Assessing the phase-out of quotas, first imposed in 1977, International Trade Minister James McKelroy said that Canada's 138 shoe manufacturing companies had been protected long enough. He added that the firms should now have improved their productivity and be able to compete with foreign



Valente: concerned about employment

imports. As well, Canadian shoes paid a high price to help the industry since they were imposed eight years ago, quotas have cost consumers \$450 million to \$500 million in higher imported shoe prices. Said McKelroy: "Canadians across the country will benefit as consumers from this decision."

Indeed, consumer groups and retailers were delighted with the government's action. But opposition members criticized the government for not fulfilling an undertaking to help the country's \$2-billion shoe industry, claiming that jobs would be lost in Quebec and Ontario, where shoemakers are concentrated.

Still, the government was under pressure to drop the quotas. Canada had already extended the system several times—an action to which many European exporters objected. Under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, quotas can only be imposed temporarily to give domestic industries enough time to adjust to competition. After last year's extension the European Community threatened to impose punitive duties on \$250 million worth of Canadian exports if Canada did not end the shoe quotas.

As well, financial analysts said that to renew a protectionist measure would create a credibility problem for the Tories, who are committed to negotiating a free trade deal with the United States. Said Martin Kaufman, a consumer goods analyst with investment dealer Norbitt Thomson Bengeo Inc. in Montreal: "They can't be seen to be anti-free trade. Certainly it is an aspect of the decision."

But shoe manufacturers claimed that the government's decision would result in the loss of half the industry's 28,000 jobs within two years. Terence Howe, president of Beberman Shoes Ltd., a Port Huron, Ont.-based maker of safety and combat boots and bowling shoes, said that domestic manufacturers, who have only 46 per cent of the Canadian market—down from 46 per cent in 1973—will continue to lose market share. He pointed to the decline of the American shoe industry, which lost protective quotas in 1981. Declared Howe: "Imports now have 77 per cent of the U.S. market. Over 100 shoe factories have shut down, and 100,000 workers have been laid off."

Many industry analysts and retailers said that manufacturers' fears of large-scale job losses were exaggerated. But as she discussed potential layoffs of her staff last week, Louise Valente said that she is not convinced the government's action will benefit anyone. Said Valente: "The Conservatives campaigned on jobs, jobs, jobs. And now they are exporting jobs."

—LINDA CARROLL in Toronto

## USING A WATCH

## The painful route to free trade

By Peter C. NEWMAN

Not until a recent lunch with George Hall, first secretary of the British High Commission in Ottawa, did I realize how high the odds really are against Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and President Ronald Reagan actually consummating a free trade pact.

During a good dinner, Hall took no sides in the discussion but he did gently remind me of the wrenching life changes similar negotiations between the United Kingdom and the European Common Market had caused during the early 1970s. Even though Britain was entering a much larger and multi-faceted partnership, the final decision to join meant the renunciation of its prevailing status quo.

Changing the way things work is something at which Canadians are not very good. Story time: The Mulroney government has wavered to suggest even minor changes, the believing that follows has forced it either to retreat or to amend drastically its course of action. The negotiation of any free trade pact would mean the virtual re-writing of Canada's social contract and countrywide acceptance of an entirely new style of governance that would require nothing less than a revolution from the Canadian way of playing it safe to placing collective survival ahead of individual striving.

The Americans are supposed to be the great preferentialists, but it may be the Canadians who end up scuttling new trade deals. Negotiating free-trade protection is any field—book publishing and agriculture are two random examples—could raise the current volume of political protest to deafening levels.

When I found Brian Robinson, the man in charge of the Canadian negotiating team, with those and other potential pitfalls, he admitted that there were some risks. But he still felt that most Canadians would be prepared to go along with the mandatory adjustments if they weighed the long-term benefits. "The technological underpinnings of the modern economy are changing so fast that survival now means having to adapt to a bigger market, and that means free access to the United States," Robinson told me. "The negotiations are going to be a shoving match, because the Americans don't give anything away that they understand the mutual advantage

lapses, and we'll make a deal."

Robinson is careful to treat book publishing as a special case. "We need to maintain cultural industries in Canada," he commented, "and that will require different treatment. I think we can persuade the Americans on that." On agriculture, he points out that this is a controversial and heavily subsidized sector of the economy often written out of international trade agreements. "At the same time," he said,



Robinson: approaching Forties America

"no man's' treat it specially in such a way that everything is lost."

Much has been made of Robinson's negotiating skill as exhibited during the talks leading up to the 1985 auto pact. There is no doubt he deserves credit for that historic breakthrough, in which Canada not only gained access to the U.S. market but won the built-in guarantee of safeguards to protect this country's share of overall North American automobile production. As a direct result of his bargain-

ing, Canada was able to improve its trade balance, multiply secondary manufacturing employment, update its state plant technology and reduce government subsidies.

But the relatively liberal-minded and industrially self-dominant Americans of London Johnson, which agreed to Robinson's terms was very different from Ronald Reagan's Forties America. The United States of the 1980s has been almost dominated industrially by competition from overseas and it is no more these days to grant any foreign country—no matter how friendly—any privileges that it might have to extend to others under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

The American attitude toward a free trade pact has largely been judged on the basis of early favorable pronouncements by Reagan about a North American common market. Despite his continuing interest in achieving such a pact, he is at the moment a lame-duck president and hardly likely to stoke his remaining prestige on such a peripheral matter. Besides, Congress is heading toward a 1986 election in which the country's \$250-billion trade deficit will be a dominant issue. Before the United States enters any new major trade deal, it must be studied by at least two congressional committees as well as several legislative bodies away from Capitol Hill: the U.S. Trade Representative's Office and the U.S. International Trade Commission. While it is uncertain whether any of these tribulations could improve the terms of a free trade treaty with Canada, the potential for delay is limitless.

Free trade may be the most important bilateral transaction this country has initiated since Margaret Trudeau met-tailed Teddy Kennedy, but the same has yet to be done. The main stumbling block may be the difficulties faced by the Canadian brewing industry. At a recent hearing of an Ontario legislature committee on the subject, Michael Gorman, Breweries Ltd. president Norman Sheppard predicted that, if free trade comes to pass, so many bottles of American and wild flow across the border that 60 per cent of Canadian beer makers would lose their jobs and 98 of Canada's breweries would close down.

Now if the brewers were ever to take on Sigma Research directly, free trade wouldn't be worth the deposit refund on a six-pack. Hey, you heard it here first, eh?

# FOR FUN AND PROFITS

COVER

By Robert Miller

**C**hristmas is a love story, set in a fairy tale. And like the traditional Canadian Christmas tree, the event is evergreen—eternally familiar, eternally enchanting. Equally enchanting are the annual celebrations in which more than a billion Christians around the world mark the birth of Jesus. The Christmas holiday season is a time of joy, warmth and light, all of which are particularly welcome in the bleak, cold and often dark landscape that is Canada in late December. And because Canada is largely a nation of people who come from somewhere else, Christmas is also a time for thoughts of home, however distant—for Christmas and members of other faiths alike. To celebrate it, and themselves, scattered families reasonable if possible, otherwise they reunite their ties via the mail or the telephone. Somehow Christmas transcends distance, shrinks time, heals wounds, revives love. It is an eternal miracle.

**Magical.** By any standard, Christmas has magical qualities—not only for children, with their excited visions of sugar plums and Santa Claus, but for adults. Every year the Christmas spirit manages to triumph over the problems of modern life, bringing out the best in uncounted millions of men and women. In the Christmas season, more than at any other time, people seem willing to embrace the enduring virtues of faith, hope and charity which the Apostle Paul commended to the Corinthians in his First Epistle. The 16th-century English poet Walter Landor eloquently described them as "the three sweet graces." People reaffirm their faith by flocking to retail services and midnight services. They reaffirm their hope with prayers for peace and their children's future. And they reaffirm their humanity with generous acts of generosity—ranging from feeding at a table stranger to making a charitable donation.

The Christmas holidays, and the busy weeks leading up to them, are also a time for fun. Parties abound, friendships are renewed, goodwill pro-



Slight rain: A holiday that sweeps time, heals wounds and revives love

dominate even in the crowded shops, and Canada Post will not deliver many of the bills until January—or perhaps later. The festive atmosphere—with its standard gaily colored decorations, glowing music, aggressive merchandising, determined jollity and sometimes irrefragable consumption of food and drink—regularly drives criticism far being excessive. Some devout Christians deem it inappropriate to a religious celebration, others, perhaps more pompous than pious, find it an annual opportunity to make a speech and wring their hands.

But tradition is a major part of the

perennial appeal of Christmas. And the tradition of a giant bonneted soldier marching with the winter soldier pre-dates Christianity by centuries. The ancient Romans called their festival Saturnalia, in honor of Saturn, the pagan god of agriculture. According to historians, Saturnalia was a Roman orgy of the first order—with a surfeit of feasting, wine and carousing—during which slaves were granted temporary freedom and invited to join the party. Saturnalia may have been pagan, but it was popular—and when Christianity began to spread through the Roman empire the new religious

early leaders wisely made allowances—for at least some of the practices—in order to advance their cause of making converts. The less objectionable features of Saturnalia became acceptable elements in the celebration of Christmas.

Perhaps inevitably, given the practice of exchanging gifts, Christmas has also become a major commercial festival in Canada's consumer-oriented economy. The so-called Christmas market is responsible for almost 30 per-

cent of the country's estimated \$70-billion volume of retail store sales. Every year, designers, manufacturers and merchants strive to offer the public something new to wrap and place under the tree (page 42). And every year some of their stuff is rick. But even the successes tend to be fleeting—season waders in a crowded marketplace. The odds are long against any new product—especially one intended for children—becoming a perennial favorite.

Still, there are occasional breakthroughs. Makers of the Cabbage Patch Kids, a sales phenomenon in 1983, are trying to extend the doll's appeal by offering such accessories

as playpens and high chairs. And the current best seller, Wrinkles the Puppet, has even been made into a movie. Wrinkles' makers have rushed 200,000 of the puppets onto the market, and that is not enough to meet the Christmas demand.

**Griskin.** The Christmas market is also critical to the entertainment industry, particularly movies and publishing (pages 44 and 46). No less than 60 per cent of annual Canadian book sales are made during the Christmas season—and the schools' holiday period provides movie box offices with their busiest two weeks of the year.

Because the Christmas story itself is so compelling, Hollywood film-makers return to it regularly. But it seems unlikely that actor Dudley Moore's new film, *Santa Claus: The Movie*, will become a perennial hit. What is certain is that, once again this year, tens of thousands of Canadians will happily watch television reports of such 1987's *Moviede on 24th Street*, as well as one or more versions of Charles Dickens' classic *A Christmas Carol*, with the parsimonious Ebenezer Scrooge, the long-suffering Bob Cratchit and the indefatigable Tiny Tim uttering his universal prayer "God bless us every one." Indeed, when it comes to Christmas, Canadians overwhelmingly tend toward the traditional, preferring the comfort of familiarity to the uncertainties of experimentation. The turkey and the tree are two constants.



by the Magi who offered gold, frankincense and myrror to the infant Jesus. The Three Wise Men were kings and presumably aided in giving and receiving expensive gifts. Similarly, the very wealthy now may exchange large presents—or, perhaps, nothing

at all. But most Canadians try to shop for practical gift items—with varying success. And if a distant brother has wrapped and mailed a pair of ladies' shoes the size of Jordan's sneakers, most Canadians—except that many stores are resigned to a crash of post-holiday exchanges—have learned to smile and say, "It's the thought that counts." And it is. Generosity is the foundation from which the Christmas spirit rises.

**Struggle.** Still, in a land of plenty the joy of Christmas escapes many—including some elderly citizens, an enormous portion, the chronically ill, women—and the schools' holiday period provides movie box offices with their busiest two weeks of the year. For them, Christmas is at best a struggle, at worst a terribly sad and bitter occasion. But they represent an opportunity for the more fortunate to demonstrate their charitable instincts and post with a handshake but by holding out a hand. Hearteningly, thousands of ordinary Canadians respond—by visiting hospitals, by calling in hospitals or persons in need, by taking the family to share the turkey.



For millions, whether comfortable or poor, one of the greatest joys of the Christmas season is the music—the carols and hymns learned in childhood and loved for life. The most popular Christmas music dates back at least a century. One notable exception being Berlin's *White Christmas*, which the late Bing Crosby first recorded in 1944. Since then, it has become almost as well known throughout the English-speaking world as *Silent Night* and *Adeste Fideles*. And in 1980 it is easy to predict that, given "peace on earth and goodwill toward men," Canadians will continue to rejoice a century from now in the songs of Christmas currently waiting through every busy shopping mall in the country. □



# Wrinkles steals the season

COVER

Unlike many of its competitors on store shelves and in children's basins, the holiday toy that is most in demand this year has not stirred in a feature-length cartoon, does not have a Saturday-morning television series

which sell for \$45, and whose competitors which range in price from \$60 for Radio Shack's Coco 2 to \$2,000 for a Commodore Amiga. And among trend-conscious young adults such as machine-guns, \$200 home rowing machines are popular items. Indeed,

marsh and slick advertising campaigns to promote instant hits. For the past two years adapting a Cabbage Patch Kid has been the rage. In 1986 two domestic products—Wrinkles and the party game A Question of Style—have captured the nation's imagination. Both items share a similar history: they had modest beginnings and, almost accidentally, are poised to achieve huge international sales.

**Bananas:** Eight years ago Catherine Beritt, then 28, fashioned a wrinkled dog puppet—inspired by her band dog, Old Manse, a rescue for three young children. At the time, the Pompano, Cal., resident was a successful painter whose works were shown at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto. But shortly after she made the first puppets for friends and neighbors asked Beritt to make more for their children. To meet the growing demand less than a year later Beritt formed a co-operative with three friends who were former schoolteachers: Karl Strala, 36, via street Harbort, 35, and Frances Kishner, 38. The requests continued to pour in, and the puppets regularly sold as many as 1,200.

Wrinkles at local boutiques and craft shows in a year. Karl Strala, "It appeals to all ages. Something in the face is universally appealing, it captures the essence of dogdom."

**Agreements:** In August, 1984, the co-op struck up a deal at a Toronto craft show where toy manufacturer Jack Gans named Wrinkles. The result after a few weeks of negotiation the toy company and the co-op reached a licensing agreement. The most significant terms in exchange for an undivided share of royalties the co-op granted Gans Toronto worldwide rights to manufacture and sell Wrinkles. Gans, a little toy puppy had become big business. And now, while employees at the Gans plant in Woodbridge still staff some models, most of the dog puppets are now manufactured for Gans Brothers in South Korea.

As Wrinkles' popularity grew, the

size-up members and their families moved to two adjacent firms containing about 300 acres in the suburban Highlands of central Ontario. Said Gans: "They have already paid off the mortgages on their farms. They are becoming very rich and they deserve it all."

But this year's Christmas season story will continue after the season ends. After last year's Wrinkles in the United States, a company spokesman says that Wrinkles likely will be an overwhelming success there next year when it is scheduled to go on sale.

Along with the push into the United States, Gans Brothers will introduce new members of a fast-growing family which will include Trunkle the elephant

toons have grown to 360. One measure of acceptance came when Johnny Carson devoted 30 minutes to questions in his *Tonight Show* last May. Among them: "A close friend asks you to hide an illegal drug. Do you agree?" This year alone Makon has sold more than 30,000 of the 300 games in Canada and an additional 375,000 games in the U.S. market. And working with children's author Rhonda Ottens, Makon has even designed a junior edition of the game for children aged 7 to 13.

**Control:** Until last February Makon overtook the production and marketing of the game from his home in Wigton, Pa. Without the benefit of advertising, his company, High Game Enterprises,

Rhode Island, purchased the right to market the game everywhere in the world except Canada—a territory Makon has reserved for himself. The U.S. firm is already planning a \$4-million advertising campaign, and Reddy spokesman says they are confident that the firm will sell more than 200,000 units of the game next year. Makon says he expects much more if he received from Reddy but some reports estimate that he has already made more than \$1 million from Serpents sales to date. Still, he insists that his success has not altered his life in any significant way.

While Serpents' believed success raising ethical issues in the parlors of the nation, some of the seasonal destruction have not escaped the wrath of the 200,000-member Consumers' Association of Canada. At its annual meeting last June in Saskatoon, the association questioned the use of television programs featuring animated versions of toys. The association cited as examples such popular series as He-Man, featuring the Masters of the Universe, the female counterparts in the *She-Ra*, Princess of Power, and the robotic figures in Voltron. Referring to the Governor. The association said that the programs are thinly disguised commercials which prompt children to pressure their parents into buying the toys. It declared the association's resolution last June: "The toy-based shows are unfair marketing practice which is an unethical exploitation of the family through children. But despite this, Gans, general manager of Merial Canada Inc., the company that makes Masters of the Universe, has a different view. Said Dean: "The shows are not violent. Children forget that Masters of the Universe was the favorite topic before the TV series began."

**Franny:** The Canadian Toy Testing Council gave Masters of the Universe figures top ratings for play value, design, features and durability. But the council questioned the use of some of the toys in the TV shows because of "combative and aggressive plots." By contrast, Julie Coughlin, vice-chairman of the volunteer and nonprofit council noted that the organization included the distant and unrelatable Wrinkles puppet in *Toy of the Year* because it "represents a return to traditional values. It's a simple toy. Children can play with it in their own way. It appeals to boys and girls." Wrinkles the toy is certainly a distant and unrelatable thing that marks the holiday season. But its success taps the abiding seasonal sentiments of love and affection.

—RAL QUINN with SHARON DUBIELLER and BLAINE BENNETT in Toronto. PETER GARD in St. John, Barb Burke in Montreal and DAVID LUCKING in Vancouver.



Ready home rowing machine presents that prod

**Bananas:** While parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles search for increasingly scarce Wrinkles hand puppets selling for \$15 to \$19, they might encounter the most expensive model from the 1980s line—at five feet tall, it costs \$600. At the same time, other responses on the wish lists of the children this season include an army of other-worldly characters: Princess of Power, Masters of the Universe, Voltron, Star Wars, such as Dargen, and the still-popular Go Bots and Transformers—versatile metal and plastic toys, including Autobots, whose parts twist into shapes ranging from robots to insects. And with the Cabbage Patch Kids are last year's hit, Harlequin. Gans-based manufacturer Coloco Industries Inc. is trying to maximize consumer interest by offering Cabbage Patch Twins and dolls dressed in ethnic costumes and such accessories as miniature cars.

Meanwhile, gadget manufacturers are eyeing exotic Swedish watches, Marina Wegner, the manager of Danmar Activities Ltd., a Toronto fitness equipment store, noted that husbands and wives often buy the devices to prod their spouses into getting in shape.

In past seasons items ranging from Ethel Hoops (JPR) to the Rubik's Cube (1977) emerged from the eyes of producers backed by intensive market re-

search and slick advertising campaigns to promote instant hits. For the past two years adapting a Cabbage Patch Kid has been the rage. In 1986 two domestic products—Wrinkles and the party game A Question of Style—have captured the nation's imagination. Both items share a similar history: they had modest beginnings and, almost accidentally, are poised to achieve huge international sales.



Autobot behind Princess, Voltron (centre) and Dargen: other-worldly characters

search, Mopg the Mouse and Greener the pig. Karl Strala: "It has all happened so fast, but it has been incredible. We are free to do whatever we want."

**Bananas:** Former English teacher Henry Makon is also adjusting to newfound wealth because of the growing success of a party game that, according to players in games currently how opponents will handle a moral dilemma. In April, 1984, Makon was a 34-year-old academic earning \$8,000 a year as a part-time lecturer at the University of Winnipeg. As part of his research for an article about baby-boomer morality, he composed six questions—and those became the basis for A Question of Style.

prices rose. Financed the game's production from the sale of a \$25,000 town house. But Makon is loathe to let his wealth go. In October, Milton Bradley, a division of the U.S. toy giant Hasbro Inc. of

Wrinkles puppets: inspired by a real heard dog



Now the original six ques-

# Cashing in on Christmas

COVER

In Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, entrepreneur Steve Baly and the 25 employees of his company, Inner Circle Provisions Ltd., were busy last week making fruitcake—5,000 lb. of it worth \$20,000. One hundred kilometres to the south, on the rocky slopes of Lunenburg County on the Atlantic coast, Christmas-tree grower Matthew Wright and a score of helpers were working 12-hour days cutting and baling thousands of balsam fir trees for shipment as far south as the Caribbean. And at the other end of the country, in Whitehorse in the Yukon, police Philip Fiedel was preparing mulled-merry wine for 90 customers and fruitcake (served in an open house sale to her home. Baly, Wright and Fiedel have one thing in common: each has figured out how to make a living from the annual Christmas spending spree. And Fiedel, who sold \$2,000 worth of pottery at an open house in the night of her peak season last year "Came January 1st back and take a breather, but a good half of my business is Christmas."

**Spree** This year Canadian shoppers will spend an estimated \$20 billion during the 20 weeks leading up to the holidays. And the Christmas entrepreneurs—from small specialty stores selling cooking and tree decorations to large department stores with their costly Santa Claus displays—have learned how to package the annual Christmas spirit in paper and boxes. Thousands of retailers, from department store managers to magazine subscription salesmen, rely on November and December sales to push sluggish businesses into the black. "Close to 80 per cent of all sales are attributable to Christmas," said John Gagliardi, president of the \$200-million Retail Merchandise Association of Canada (RMA) Inc. "It really is the key to retailing right across Canada."

For businesses that depend heavily on gift-giving, such as toy makers and jewelry stores, preparation for the

Christmas bazaar is critical. Last month toy makers and sellers gathered in Toronto for the first of a series of trade fairs aimed at Christmas, 1986. "The products on the shelves now were introduced a year ago," says Harry Wilsberg, president of the Canadian Toy Manufacturers' Association. "Our members are already introducing products for Christmas, 1986."

**Buzzing:** For some businesses the holiday season is the only reason for their existence. Earl Moore, general manager of Nova Inc. of Toronto, says that his 300 employees produce more than half of the Christmas light strings that brighten Canadian trees and homes in a modern suburban Toronto plant. Last year's record production of \$20 million worth of items led to lighting up a single house brings with it certain logistical problems. From January to August the 100,000-square-foot warehouse at Nova's plant gradually fills to the bursting point with the company's output of Christmas lights. Billed from the storage right through to when shipments to customers begin in late August and continue until November. "Business isn't," said Moore, "these trailer-trucks are a welcome sight."

But no industry is more symbolic of the holiday season in consumer demand than the tree growers. In late November empty lots across the country and, daily, upon stands of fragrant cut pine, balsam and spruce. For tree cultivator Wright and others like him, the entire year's business is conducted in roughly six months. "The byword in our industry is 'fresh,'" said Wright. "You have to wrap up a year's work in three or four weeks." He and his five full-time employees spend the spring, summer and fall tramping through the woods of young fir, spruce and hemlock trees and picking out the best to kill weeds and competing hardwoods. As the days shorten, Wright says that he begins to feel a sort of "nervous tension" in anticipation of the long work days during the month



Wright (above), Baly; from thousands of pines, a hearty welcome for a \$20-billion, 10-week spending spree

of November and the first days of December.

In all, Nova Scotia grows this season will export at least 16 million trees worth \$25 million, more than any other province. Some of the trees will go to other provinces, but most of them will end up in New England. This season Wright will sell in more than \$200,000 selling 15,000 10-year-old trees from his own woodland and about \$10,000 more from woodland owners who sell trees as a sideline. In cities such as Boston and New York, the trees from well sell for as much as \$40. Wright, who is president of the Lunenburg County Christmas Tree Producers Association, estimated that at least 3,500 small woodland owners sell trees as a sideline in the county, while thousands more local people pick up extra cash cutting and loading during the brief November harvest. "I don't know what Christmas would be in this county without the tree industry," said Wright. "A lot of people have depend on it for their Christmas spending money."

**Cashish:** For an estimated 30,000 Canadian artists and craftspeople Christmas sales are literally a way of life. Mary, The Whitehorse's Fiedel,

derive one-half or more of their income from Christmas sales. Indeed, the hundreds of pre-Christmas craft fairs that first appeared in church halls and hockey rinks during the 1970s have become a favored shopping

place for many Canadians.

Steve Baly perfected his Christmas-time enterprise at a similar craft fair in Nova Scotia. Formerly an instructor at the University of Toronto's Kinesiology College, Baly was awarded one-half as much as a living. "Steve Baly perfected his Christmas-time enterprise at a similar craft fair in Nova Scotia. Formerly an instructor at the University of Toronto's Kinesiology College, Baly was awarded one-half as much as a living."



This year 30 artists and entrepreneurs—from potters and glass-blowers to stained-glass makers and clothing designers—will each pay \$4,000 to an 80-square-foot space to set up a booth at the sales. Said Jean-Guy Morin, chief organizer for the sales: "If there were not three, many of these

people could not make a living." Steve Baly perfected his Christmas-time enterprise at a similar craft fair in Nova Scotia. Formerly an instructor at the University of Toronto's Kinesiology College, Baly was awarded one-half as much as a living.

recipe that had been handed down to him a decade earlier by Canada's 85-year-old grandmother, Agnes Watt, of Douglas, Man. Baly turned the venerable rum-soaked fruitcake into the primary circumstance of a \$100,000-a-year business.

**Cuts:** In 1985, equipped with a cutting board, a roll of plastic wrap and "every pot and pan in the house," Baly used \$2,000 worth of ingredients to make 35,000 north of fruitcake—and sold out in a matter of days. The next year sales were \$20,000. When he discovered that a growing number of customers were buying dozens of the cakes and regularly giving them out as business gifts, he said, "We know we were no longer making fruitcakes—we were making gifts."

This year Baly introduced a toll-free telephone line, allowing long-distance customers to place orders free of charge. He says he plans to take orders until Christmas for delivery by New Year's and hopes to have sales of \$100,000 to \$200,000. Inner Circle Provisions Ltd. (ICP), the company he and Gailin set up in 1981, has moved to a small industrial mall on the outskirts of Kentville, N.S. As well as the fruitcake—which weighs from three-quarters of a pound to three pounds in hand-made wooden boxes and costs between \$11 and \$31—Baly now offers a range of traditional Christmas fare, including plum pudding, mince pie, hard sauce and shortbread. The average order is \$150, but some customers, who account for at least half of the total sales, have taken as many as 500 of the boxed cakes, some with their own company's logo branded on the box lid (see p. 37).

**Confident:** Already, one Inner Circle consultant is negotiating an advance order for 14,000 fruitcakes for 1986, when it will celebrate its 75th anniversary. Baly, 35, and Gailin, 35, are confident that they can extend their experience with Christmas sales into other areas. Said Gailin: "We are selling to a market we know and live in—some of the 1980s with fancy advertisements, fancy jobs and fancy salaries." As for their success in Canada:

"We're not dumb. I want to be rich." Indeed, whenever Canadians give, the Christmas entrepreneur gets a little bit richer.

—MARC CLARK with DEB WOOD in Whitehorse



From *A Beautiful Day* (top) from Thomas' *Shogun's* providing an imaginative child's catalogue to life in Canada

## A treasury of children's books

### COVER

For Canadian publishers, producing glossy children's picture books for the holiday market is one of the delights as an often tedious industry. At the same time, it can be a financial nightmare, pricing expensive color illustrations for the under-7 set in a costly gamble. But in recent years publishers have been encouraged by increasing sales and, as a result, they have a record 250 new children's books on sale this season. And of these, roughly 50 are full-color picture books again, the largest number ever in one season. Bookstore shelves are crisscrossed as never before with made-in-Canada fairy tales and fantasies, treasuries of verse and artful guides to the alphabet. And with their high-quality bindings and clever design, many gleam as much as the most imaginative and accomplished children's books in the world. Indeed, many of them appeal as much to adults as to children. Read May Cutler, producer of Montreal's *Tender Books*. "These books are art. People are buy-

ing them as collector's items." Much of the credit for the renaissance of Canadian children's books belongs to a stable of gifted authors. This year's offering from Toronto resident Tim Wynne-Jones is a sequel to his popular *Stone at Sea* (1991). *Stone Away* (Groundwood, \$9.95) is an elegant, meandering fantasy about a trip by the land and a woman who finds a little door in a snowy mansion that leads straight to the Northwest Passage. Ken Nitz from Stratford, Ont., has illustrated the journey with richly detailed black-and-white sketches. *Stone Away* takes a child right to the very heart of winter—and back again.

**Colorful:** Toronto's prolific Annick Press has a reputation for understanding the reading habits of the sticky-net young children who sleep with books out on their desks and stuff them between the cushions. With this in mind, Annick publishes colorful soft-cover books that can take a beating. As well, their content, generously reflecting the lives of real kids without being overly sentimental, stands up to hours of com-

pulsive rereading. Thomas' *Shogun's* (1993), written by the popular Guelph, Ont., storyteller Robert Munsch and illustrated by Michael Martchenko, tells of one boy's rebellion against a hellacious new teacher. Munsch pits the child against his teacher, who ends up wearing the snowsuit himself. By the time the principal gets involved, Thomas has suddenly put on his snowsuit—because he wants to. Parents will be glad to note that this outstaying anti-teacher tract ends up with the principal moving to Ancona, "where nobody ever wears a snowsuit." In other words, Munsch has written a fantasy for the whole family.

For generations, illustrators have been attracted to Eugene Field's classic bedtime poem *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, but few have released it with such enchanting richness as Toronto artist Ron Berg has done (North Winds Press, \$10.95). Rather than illustrating every image with bland funniness, Berg creates a complementary picture, narrative about a young girl being tucked into bed by her

father. As he leaves her moonlit bedroom, the girl's bed changes into the "swan" she has that night called the "shoe." Berg fills the following pages with gorgeous nocturnal landscapes full of cozy pink clouds and twinkling stars.

Canons of all kinds have reappeared this year with new illustrations. But Benica, Calif., writer Stephen Collins's *The Willow Maiden* (Groundwood, \$19.95) is a rare phenomenon: a completely successful modern fairy tale. Collins has reworked all the magic and mystery of the Grimm brothers and Hans Christian Andersen, while adding her own emphasis on the need for equality between the sexes and respect for the natural world. When a young man named Denis stops for the night in the enchanted Whispering Woods, he is thrust into the mysterious celebration of the Willow people. The falls in love with a beautiful young woman called Linnea, and wins the right to marry her. But there is a catch: only during the full and winter can he be with her. Denis on his farm Denis rebels at at having to share Linnea and comes dangerously close to destroying her. Heartingly illustrated by Toronto artist Linda Galt, *The Willow Maiden* is destined to become a contemporary classic.

**Legend:** One of the season's most arresting books is *The Enchanted Garden* (Dundurn University Press, \$9.95) by the late Montreal artist Elizabeth Closser, who was best-known for her collages. *Caroline* recalls a "lost legend in which a maiden comes under the spell of an evil shaman, falls into a deep sleep and then turns into a white cowbird." A young "honor" because her from life in the bird by breaking the spell, restoring her human form and making her his companion. But the real appeal is woven by Closser's mythic black



figures—in reality silhouettes set by shadow puppets. Closser shares the night at the end by showing children how to make their own puppets.

Children of all ages appreciate the paintings of the late William Kurekci, with their striking colors, intricate detail and strong narrative appeal. In

From *Wynken, Blynken and Nod* is a new sophistication



*They Slept in a New World* (Tundra, \$12.95). American artist Margaret S. Benedict has collected 38 of his works denoting the immigrant experience. Questions: from Kurekci's own writing, about growing up on a Manitoba farm and Kurekci's brief history of European immigration to North America, accompanied by the paintings. Kurekci focuses on vivid particulars: a solitary harvester glistening in a massive sunset perfectly captures his view of man's relationship to nature. But Kurekci's best, which attempts to please all ages and ethnic groups, is full of her own experiences. Still, the book is well worth seeing for the stunning color reproductions.

**Warmed:** Montreal artist Stéphane Poulin's storybooks watch the month and freshness of Kurekci's practice seems in *At the City* (Groundwood/City ABC, Tundra, \$12.95). The title of each pairing is in English and French—"If" is for "si/when" and "before"—Poulin's (writing) scenes show children reading in their city's variety and prompt young readers to identify other words in the two official languages. But children do not have to be enrolled in French immersion courses to enjoy the book. Poulin's blend of the serious and the humorous makes it an engaging and lively as the other books.

**Delights:** Indeed, alphabet books have become the ultimate illustrator's exercise, not just pedagogical tools. Since these children who know their ABCs will want to see Mrs. Bader's *My ABC Book* (Kids Can Press, \$12.95). The West Coast artist's beautifully muted and moody watercolor tale a brother and sister through a day at the beach. As they grovel over the sand, the two discover a wealth of seaside delights. Unlike the rambling style of most alphabet books, the children's reactions were a dramatic thread from play and wonderment to dryness and finally exhaustion. And Bader does not have to strain the theme to illustrate difficult letters: "X" stands for drawing Xs in the sand, "Y" is for yawn, "Z" is for falling asleep on a beach blanket at sunset. Together, Bader, Closser, Kurekci and Poulin and the others provide a child's catalogue to life in Canada. Read Becky Engelbrecht, promotions manager at Toronto's Kids Can Press. "It has been a case of trial and error for the whole industry. Now we have figured out how to stick it all together." The writers' and illustrators' success is also the success of Canadian publishers, who are approaching the holiday season with more confidence than ever before.

—JENN BERNARD, MARIE JACKSON and ANN WALSHLEY







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A computer-enhanced view of Halley's Comet in 1910; this winter the comet will appear to Canadians only as 'a faint smudge.'

## SCIENCE

# The return of a celestial celebrity

**T**he Ottawa chapter of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, anticipating a good turnout for its public stargazing event last month, set up 12 telescopes in a deserted schoolyard outside Ottawa. But what organizers expected would be a quiet affair turned chaotic when 800 people jammed the roads leading to the school and as many as 75 people lined up behind the telescopes for a chance to view the legendary Halley's Comet, which had just returned to view after completing its 76-year solar orbit. But when they saw how hardly spectacular indeed, many astronomers say that Canadians who make similar efforts this winter are destined to be disappointed. Saeed Durrani, director of observations at the University of British Columbia, "The few who do look will be terribly disappointed when all that they see is a faint smudge."

On its last appearance in 1910 Halley's Comet shined spectacularly across three-quarters of the sky. But its latest incarnation is hampered by unfavorable celestial geometry. As the comet streaks through the inner solar system, its alignment will make it difficult for Canadians to get a good view without visual aids. But even the best telescope will not guarantee a good view, according to Ian Halliday, an as-

tronomer at the Herzberg Institute of Astrophysics in Ottawa. He declared, "People are optimistic. If they think that they will see more than a blob."

Still, to many Canadians that will be irrelevant. Far more than a spectacle, Halley's Comet is also a touchstone in human history—an affirmation that most people have shared once in their lifetime since the dawn of the species. Usually, that shared experience has been based on fear. In the 11th-century Bayeux Tapestry, the comet floats ominously above King Harold of Britain—as even of his defeat at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. Legend says that the comet also foreshadowed Attila the Hun's defeat by the Romans at the Battle of Châlons in 451. And even as late as 1910 it inspired terror and awe. At that time, Americans bought "sun-et pills" and mouth inhalers to protect them from its allegedly lethal vapors, and *The New York Times* reported that tens of thousands of Chinamen greeted the comet by sending their wishes and greetings into storm clouds with bottled prayers.

Although the stigma of Halley has vanished, the comet has returned on a wave of entrepreneurial hype that would make the wisdom of comet pills good. Casinos steep throughout the continent are reporting brisk sales of

telescopes and binoculars. Among the other commemorative goods are sweat-shirts, a belt with a fixed belt and champagne glasses. The Void Sausage is marketing chutney as even offering a Halley hamper donated on top, it features oysters stuffed with soyling gel that "tastes the struggle."

Ottawa housewife Halley Schach is one person who welcomes the hype. A direct descendant of Edmund Halley, the English scientist who lent his name to the comet, she says she disdains her given name as a child and once told her father, "Halley was run over by a truck—I'm Mary." Preserving the name was traditional in her family because Edmund Halley's only son had no children. And although Schach, 58, did not carry on the tradition with any of her three children, the return of the comet this year has changed her attitude. She has already booked a \$1,600 tour with Halley Expeditions of Vancouver to view the comet in Peru, where it will be much brighter and larger in the sky than in the Northern Hemisphere. She declared, "It is a great thrill that I have lived this long to see it. My grandfather would be proud."

Schach's ancestor earned his distinction partly through his friendship with Sir Isaac Newton. Indeed, Halley

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played theory made it to a scientific revolution when he published, at his own expense, Newton's great *Principia Mathematica* in 1687. Following the appearance of the comet that now bears his name in 1682, Halley used Newton's theories to calculate its 76-year orbit and to predict its return to view in 1758. But the true nature

In the past 10 years scientists have become excited about comets because of increasing confidence in the theory that they were formed at the same time as the solar system and have remained unchanged ever since. Rudolph Wetherill, a planetary scientist at Washington's Carnegie Institution, says: "Because comets are likely the

the ESA craft, named Giotto. And on Earth thousands of astronomers have banded together into the International Halley Watch to provide full-time comet surveillance. Said Halliday: "This has correctly been called the biggest international co-ordinated effort in scientific history."

For most people, a simple look at the celestial calendar will suffice. Halliday says that the first two weeks of January, when the sky will be free of moon-

As a result, scientists from around the world have eagerly taken up the challenge of studying Halley's Comet with cameras and other instruments mounted in spacecraft. Currently, there are five unmanned probes speeding toward an encounter in early March with the comet, two each from the Soviet Union and Japan and one from the European Space Agency (ESA). The Soviet craft will give the size and shape of nucleus, which sustains a circumference larger than metropolitan Halifax. Pictures and data will be sent in the month from

light, will likely be the best time for all Canadians to view it. Provided observers leave brightly lit urban centres and adjust their eyes to the dark for an hour after dark, the comet should be easily visible with binoculars. But for people like Peter Ceravolo, a 38-year-old laser optics technician in Edmonton, a little sighting is simply not enough. Since September he has been a devoted comet watcher. Once, he had to chase away a herd of buffalo in a national park in order to set up his 17-inch telescope. And after more than a dozen sightings, he knows what his fascination has still not waned: "I don't take comet pics, now have I taken out comet insurance? My interest is purely artistic."

—BRYEN AIZONBEKIAN with TRAVIS LACKOW  
in TAVOOR and ANDREW MORFITT, co.  
Editors

est estimate of the size and shape of the tower's nucleus, which scientists believe has a circumference large enough to cover metropolitan Halifax. But the best pictures and data will probably come later in the month from

LARGO

## A fresh face at the top

**D**ominion and sovereignty marked the 50th anniversary of the birth of the Ontario district of the Pittsburgh, Pa.-based United Brotherhood of America. But last week David Patterson began making plans to return to his home town of Hamilton, Ontario, where he has lived since he had been employed for 14 years. Ontario steelworkers elected challenger Lee Greard—backed by the international union's strong central leadership—to succeed Patterson, who was elected by an unofficial vote of 30,045 to 14,771. Patterson's defeat represents a victory for the UMW's leadership, which he defied during his 1981 campaign by pledging to champion the interests of the rank-and-file. Patterson, 68, officials quickly lauded Greard's victory as a return to unity. Said Canadian director George Desnoyer, who last week easily won his third term as president of the Ontario district: "It's a good sign for the first time in over a decade."

Peterson alienated the union establishment—and many members—last year when he refused to back Canada's Louis Williams in his bitter struggle



**Editorial:** *Back to the nickel mine*

gle to win the 1996 presidency. And his support for Frank McKee, Wisconsin's American opponent in the race, backfired when McKee called Canadian steelworkers "second-class" and made American nationalists a central plank in his program. But the recession made Patterson's difficulties worse. In fact, at one point during his term the union's Canadian membership plummeted to less than 100,000 from more than 200,000, largely as a result of layoffs.

Patterson and Gerrard share a common background: both began their early careers as activists at Sudbury's troubled local Lds. model center. But Patterson catapulted into the leadership from the presidency of the local center. Repeating the usual bookends of the Lds. experience, he was excommunicated for eight years in a number of 1980s staff positions before his decision to let the \$20,000-a-year post. The new leader has already attracted notice of concern to Canadians and last week criticized free trade with the United States, saying that it would lower workers' living standards. With the end of the union's leadership battles, the new president can look forward to a new face—and a fresh concept.

- 456 JOURNAL OF MANAGEMENT INQUIRY / December 2004

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A photograph showing two people skiing down a snowy slope. The person on the left is wearing a white jacket and red pants, while the person on the right is wearing a yellow jacket and dark pants. They are surrounded by evergreen trees and snow-covered mountains in the background.

**AKI ALBERTA**  
CANADA

# A crisis in Canada's chemical valley

Canada's "chemical valley"—a collection of 13 petrochemical, glass and plastics factories stretching more than 10 km along the banks of the St. Clair River south of Sarnia, Ont.—has traditionally been a symbol of the country's industrial strength. Indeed, the image of the valley's breathing towers and tanks decorating the 410 landscape is a reminder of its close association with industrial prosperity. Then, in August an acci-

dent at one of the factories caused 10 per cent of it to blow up and transported to a protective pond on Dow's property, three of the company's seven drivers complained of skin irritations around their helmets. As a result, the company halted the operations temporarily and called in outside medical consultants as well as officials from the ministry of labor. Said Dow environmental control manager Steve Bitt: "Three of the drivers had developed what the doctors diagnosed as contact

dermatitis, which companies used for years to dispose of their hazardous waste, are leaking up through cracks and faults into the river. Said provincial Environment Minister James Bradley: "We have not ruled out that possibility, but our best guess now is that the perchloroethylene is picking up old, historical contaminants in the sediments."

Still, the ministry has launched a series of tests to determine whether the



Overseeing up 'The Blob': chemical spills, charges of wrongdoing have tarnished the valley's reputation.

dent at a Dow Chemicals Ltd. plant led to the creation of a so-called blob of toxic chemicals as the river bottom and tarnished the valley's image. In an unrelated development in Nov. 18, the provincial government suspended Sarnia's district environment officer from work for 30 days while officials investigated in connection with a local waste disposal company, Cundiff Services Ltd. And in another development several companies and local businesses face charges of fraud, theft and kickbacks following an RCMP investigation. Together, the three events are threatening to tarnish the valley's once-praised reputation into one of shame.

Still, it was the cleanup of the dime-sized blob that oozed downstream residents near Sarnia last week. On Wednesday, with about 10

dermatitis, which they attributed to the long hours of wearing the helmets—not to substances in the water? At work's end, company spokesman said that the drivers had reported their confidence in the safety of the operations and were eager to continue.

The noticeable cause of the blob was an August spill of 2,500 gallons of one of Dow's products, the desolving solvent perchloroethylene. But Bitt said that the "pore," a clear chemical 60 per cent heavier than water, "just did its job"—picking up other chemical contaminants already present in the river sediments and it became saturated and tarred black and tarry. Where those other substances came from is the subject of intense study. Many experts say they fear that some of the 16 deep wells and two salt caverns in the Sar-

nia area, which companies used for years to dispose of their hazardous waste, are leaking up through cracks and faults into the river. Said provincial Environment Minister James Bradley: "We have not ruled out that possibility, but our best guess now is that the perchloroethylene is picking up old, historical contaminants in the sediments."

Still, the ministry has launched a series of tests to determine whether the



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ing water drawn from the river. On May 26, a resident's group from Danbury, a community about 40 km south of the chemical valley, met with Bradley and officials to request that their water be piped in from Lake Huron rather than the St. Clair River. The minister refused the request for the time being. He added that scientists test the water near the link every two hours and monitor the water in three nearby treatment plants including Whitby's—weekly. Rick Winkler, executive director of Danbury, said, "The town is not drinking the problem." The town said it was probably the most thoroughly scrutinized of any water intakes in North America.

Many area residents say that these dangerous industries and governments alike have failed to alert the public when spills have occurred. The polychlorinated biphenyl spill was only one of 15 accidental discharges of liquid or gas at Dow Chemical this year and one of 170 reported in the chemical industry in the past decade. Still, it is one of the few that has received significant government and media attention. It is a court case scheduled for January that promises to set the stage for a new era of environmental regulation and enforcement. Dow is the defendant in the case, but the environmental group has not yet asked the court to force an audit and water resources test. Said Tony Vignod, a lawyer with the Canadian Environmental Law Association, who last week proposed a public inquiry into the Borealis situation.

think the pollution is simply the result of years of cozy relations between government and industry in the Borra area. Industries in the area have not been under stringent controls, whether concerning spills, waste treatment or whatever. Control orders have been negotiated behind closed doors with no input from the public."

In fact, even as diverts resumed up the contaminated sediments, the EPA continued to investigate those relationships. On Nov. 16, the same day that the federal and provincial environmental departments issued a joint report on pollution in the St. Clair River, Ontario's deputy environment minister, Frederick McLeod, announced Starna's regional ministry officer, James Doehlaider, for 30 days with pay while police investigated his relationship with Clufford Services Ltd., a local waste disposal and oil recycling company. In 1982 Doehlaider was involved in the process in which Clufford was given a license to operate an oil site in Petrolia, 25 km southeast of

Garvin also helped Canflow to negotiate to dispose of waste water from the treatment process in Petrolia's municipal sewage plant. But local resident Charles Whipp told *Monline's* that the stretch from Canflow's wastes in the plant often kept townspeople up at night. Last year, municipal officials found that Canflow was treating waste unauthorized by its permit and warned the company to stop. At the same time, the ministry recommended that Canflow surrender its key to the municipal sewage plant.

Police and enforcement officials are also investigating Casflow's role in shipping wastes to Detroit that were essentially banned at a General Motors Corp. factory. And Casflow president Dwight Mott is facing two counts of

theft and 30 counts of fraud in a preliminary hearing next month. A total of 19 individuals and 12 companies have been charged with fraud, kickbacks and theft following a yearlong RCMP investigation in the chemical value.

Meanwhile, Headley is acting swiftly to launch investigations of possible wrongdoing. Recently, he docked the personnel of his ministry's Bureau office. The ministry also has a new enforcement branch, with a staff of 50—most of whom are former police officers—that will eventually grow to 65. The branch is currently reviewing all existing industrial discharge permits in the province, starting in the chemical valley, where 500 million gallons of industrial waste water hit the river each day.

As well, Bradley intends to introduce legislation that would allow large fines for companies and even jail sentences for executives convicted of environmental offenses. Declared Bradley, who last Friday received an award from the Environmental Law Association: "This government is prepared to undertake whatever strategies are necessary to clean up the situation in the St. Clair River."

For his part, former Conservative environmental minister and former Sun oil major Andrew Brady assessed Bradley of "last-monthing" chemical valley industries. But whatever the truth of his charge, the developments have dimmed the once-bright image of Canada's chemical valley.

—PAT GALLAGHER is *Screen*

### Reading touch measures

A close-up of a dark, textured cover of a Marlboro Executive Diary. The cover has a subtle grid pattern and the 'Marlboro Executive Diary' logo is visible in the bottom right corner.

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Protesters blocking a logging road on Lyle Island: agriculture, jobs, land claims and ancestral homelands

## The battle for an island forest

**H**aida two-tones and warlike rallies sounded through the early-morning darkness on Lyle Island in British Columbia's South Moresby archipelago. On Nov. 28, 28 Haida Indians blockaded a remote logging road to stop loggers hired by Western Forest Products from cutting down trees on what the Haida say is their ancestral homeland. But the Haida acted in defiance of two B.C. Supreme Court injunctions—passed earlier last month—which ordered them not to interfere with the loggers, and RCMP officers quickly charged them with contempt. Since the blockade began on Oct. 30, 78 Haida have been charged, as well as RCMP Sgt. Svend Robinson, a Haida supporter. And last week in Prince Rupert 10 of them were convicted of contempt of court for disobeying the injunction (Box: others were acquitted, and Robinson's hearing on the same charge was temporarily adjourned).

The 10 convicted Haida could face up to six months each in jail if they do not agree to obey the injunction by this Friday. The arrests have renewed a long-simmering dispute over South Moresby. Said Ernest Gellimann, a spokesman for the Council of the Haida Nation: "It's disgraceful that we have to be marked as criminals in order to make a point about our history."

The Haida claim that the 110-km string of islands off the southern tip of the Queen Charlotte Islands belongs to them. But Vancouver-based Western Forest Products, which owns the logging leases on the islands, plans to cut 20 per cent of the archipelago's 60,000 acres during the next 40 years. Since 1974 the Haida have protested logging in the area, and in 1988 they launched a land claim with the federal government. In that, they are supported by environmentalists, including the 10-Haida Protection Society (HPS), which is fighting to have the area declared a national park.

Because South Moresby is provincial Crown land, responsibility for resolving the issue lies with the British Columbia government. In June 1986, the ministry of forests stopped approving any applications for new logging. On Oct. 16, Environment Minister Jacinta Pelton announced that he would form a committee to review the situation. But industry analysts say that a logging ban in the area would result in the loss of at least 1,500 logging and millworking jobs. That claim has been influential in government circles. Indeed, on Oct. 21 the ministry of forests approved new cutting rights for the company on Lyle Island.

The decision angered many members of both the HPS and the Haida, who

subsequently began blockading the roads. Meanwhile, the federal government has taken steps to help resolve the issue. In October federal Environment Minister Thomas McMillan toured the islands and said that he favored the preservation of parts of South Moresby as a national park. The minister also offered to buy out Western Forest Products' logging leases in the area for \$10 million. At work, Indian Affairs Minister David Crombie offered to arrange talks between provincial officials and Haida leaders.

B.C. Attorney General Brian Smith has rejected all offers of mediation because, he says, negotiations are impossible until the court cases have been dealt with. Indeed, he gave a clear signal of the provincial government's position last month when he instructed Crown attorney John Giffen to appear in court to support Western Forest Products' lawyers in their civil contempt case against the Haida. But the Haida have indicated that they do not fear the charges and they now to continue their protests. Declared Miles Richardson, president of the Council of the Haida Nation: "We will not be pushed aside in our own homelands and told that our interests are not worthy of consideration."

—JANE O'BARA in Vancouver

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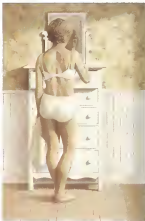
# An explorer in a barren universe

For all their apparent accessibility, Christopher Pratt's cool, semi-abstract paintings of cupboard houses, garages and barren vistas of his native Newfoundland are strangely forbidding to the eye. The knife-edge cut of the artist's forms, the rigidity of his geometric compositions and the cold washes of his colors impose an austere discipline on the viewer. Nothing breathes in Pratt's conceptually ordered universes. But beneath its tightly controlled surface, pain is always waiting to be felt through. A sense of alienation and anxiety dominates the major retrospective of Pratt's work which opened recently at the Vancouver Art Gallery. The exhibition of 150 paintings, prints and drawings, which Toronto, Halifax and St. John's will each present next year, offers a series of meditations on the infinite ways in which reality can trap the human spirit.

Within the uncompromising boundaries that he has set for himself, Pratt aims extraordinarily high. A handful of outstanding works, including the starkly exteriorizing *March Night* (1974), the arid *East* (1979) and the melancholy *Winding Staircase* (1980), testify to his uncommon poetic intelligence and technical mastery. Even when the artist does not fully succeed, his integrity is impressive. There is a heroic quality in Pratt's struggle to wrest order from chaos and to explore the place of the self in an indifferent universe.

The great nature of that challenge is suggested in an early self-portrait, painted in 1963 as a graduate requirement at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.S. In it, the artist stands before a window that looks out on a bleak wintry landscape. The room's low ceiling and the sharp white contours of the window frame enclose the figure in an uncomfortable imprisonment. Pratt began, like only one other painting in the exhibition, his brooding process in every work because of the familiar nature of his imagery, he has often been described as a Margit Bondi, working in the tradition of such artists as Edvard Munch and Andrew Wyth and

of Canadian Alex Colville, who taught at Mount Allison when Pratt was a student. But on the exhibition's catalogue, Joyce Zemans, notes in her thoughtful catalogue essay, Pratt's style is distinguished by his preoccupation with abstract, ideal forms and by the absence of anecdote or description in his work. The exhibition traces his



Young Women with a Sign: panic beneath a rigid surface.

evolution from early watercolours like *Battery Road* (1955), whose romantic mood, naturalistic perspective and loosely handled paint is unmistakable to the work of the later artist. At the Glasgow School of Art, where Pratt studied between 1967 and 1969, he absorbed the prevailing concern with detailed, linear drawing and classic forms. Later, at Mount Allison, teacher Lawson Harris Jr. encouraged Pratt to push further toward abstraction.

Moving from the descriptive nature

of his early street scenes and landscapes, Pratt refined his artistic language to an almost metaphysical purity through the use of stylized forms, geometric compositions and an almost calligraphic technique. The elemental lyricism of his image of sheets flapping in the wind in the 1966 abstract print, *Chickadee*, gives way to the archetypal symbolism of the 1969 oil, *House on August*. The flat, forbidding cupboard facade with its closed curtains and door with no handle is a menacing apparition blocking the beauty of the landscape. *House on August* suffers from manifest symmetry and too-dense symbolism, but the artist handles a similar subject with greater force and inventiveness in the remarkable oil, *March Night*, painted several years later. A hard-edged wall of white cupboard dominates the space in a domestic frontal assault, all but crowding out a busy, evocative night landscape in the distance.

A life-and-death struggle rages within the geometry of Pratt's compositions. His architectural motifs—the endless procession of windows, walls and doors which make the exhibition seem like a nightmarish maze—are potent symbols that express the artist's obsession with alienation and belonging. In such characteristic works as *Descent Flat* (1975), in which a bleak wall is punctuated by a high, narrow window, the room is both a necessary defense against the void and a barrier separating man from the virility of nature. The brutal rendering of the image of landscape environment, terrifying in itself, evokes the quiet desperation of everyday life.

By contrast with the self-possessed tone of *Descent Flat*, the equally gloomy *East* is defined by a touch of black humor. In it, a diffuse, green light abides through the windows of a



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divary set of institutional doors, surmounted by a small red "Exit" sign. The painting is a pessimistic reflection on the search for release from the prison of human consciousness and its eventual achievement in death.

Even the rare humorous mood of the well-known painting *Colosseum* (1973), a typical work in which a screen porch encroaches a dramatic expanse of sea, is more suggestive of the afterlife than the here and now. The same is true of the rose-hooded, ghostly off-painter *Mr Red* (1974), in which an uncharacteristically soft-edged image of a white bull appears to float in an ethereal space above an open window. The empty bunk beds in *Whaling Station* (1980), brilliantly executed in unusually lush crimson tones, also evoke the peace of the grave.

Because of Pratt's overabundance not to objectify experience, he is more at ease with buildings than with the human body. Early figure paintings, such as *Young Woman With a Ship* (1967), are successful because the figure is reduced to a simple, graceful and beautiful, so well integrated into the bedroome settings that they are almost part of the furniture. Although his technical skill is never in question, Pratt fails in his later attempts to render figures in all of their anomalous particularity. An awkward set of 1980 drawings of women in sexually aggressive poses indicates a profound plastic inability to play between sexual and made. The women are drawn successfully as if demanding the recognition that the artist has withheld.

—GILLIAN MACKAY is Treasurer



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Pedlar, playing for techniques that may have little Canadian application

## MARKETING

# Selling an American way

The promotions are slick and effective. At least 10 different TV stations across the country, starting late-night, half-hour programs with such exciting titles as *The Millionaire Maker*, capitalize on the dreams of Canadians and advertise quick real estate and investment courses. The programs advertise "no-down payment programs" that cost between \$400 and \$600 for two-day workshops which teach aggressive real estate techniques. But, although the programs are legal, they are based primarily on American laws and marketing techniques for some Canadian real estate associations say that consumers may be led to pay for information that has little application in Canada.

The investment courses began operating 15 years ago in the United States. Last July the New York-based Berkley Group has begun advertising in Ontario in local and print television stations. Since then the programs and seminars have spread to most provinces, with at least three other U.S. companies promoting a variety of hard-sell techniques.

One proposed technique involves buying a house without cash. If a home cost \$300,000 and the owner held a \$40,000 mortgage, a potential buyer assumes the first mortgage and continues the homeowners to take out a second mortgage for \$20,000. The buyer promises to reimburse the owner for the second mortgage when he sells the house for a higher price—and buys

the house without a down payment.

But Robert Pedlar, vice president of the Canadian Real Estate Association, says that because the Canadian market is more stable than that in the United States, Canadians are less inclined to accept such deals. Pedlar adds that his Windsor, Ont., real estate firm has turned one no-down-payment offer—and the seller rejected it. Declared Pedlar: "In Canada no seller will sell without money up front."

For his part, Ontario Real Estate Association spokesman Ruelo Doyle singles out another hard-sell technique that is difficult to profit from in Canada: taking advantage of foreigners to buy property at bargain-basement rates. For one thing, the United States' larger population means that such distress sales occur more frequently south of the border. As well, U.S. foreclosures are proportionally higher and are much more openly advertised.

Steven Wein, a partner in the Berkley Group, acknowledges that these opportunities are less common in Canada. But he adds that his organization is now Canadianizing its courses and he plans to open a Toronto office in January. Meanwhile, Ontario Consumer Relations Minister Mavis Kwiatkowski says that buyers should be skeptical of the programs in a press release. The minister said, "You've got a better chance of being personal bankrupt than you have for getting rich."

—JUNE BOKROS in Toronto

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## FOR THE RECORD



Sade, Misconduct, revolution and torch songs that burn with a low flame.

## Romance and rebellion

PHOTOGRAPH  
Sade  
(CBS)

Last spring the Nigerian-born Sade (pronounced Shady) glided onto the pop charts with her debut album, *Damned If You*. With her new album, *By Your Side*, she continues to graduate lounge music with an edge. Most of the numbers are torch songs that burn with a low flame. The voice is seductive but her melody lines, sung rhythmically against dark textures, the musicians create a moody, shifting backdrop for Sade's languorous notes. Although her lyrics can be tentative, they tend to walk over the listener in understated ways. Sade's music is sensually interesting—background music worth listening to.

ONCE UPON A TIME  
Simple Minds  
(Virgin)

Jim Morrison, the lead singer of the Doors who died in 1971, symbolized the nihilism and narcissism of a generation that tried to change the world with sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Jim Krim, lead singer of the Scottish band Simple Minds, sounds remarkably like him, using the same sardonic wit that was Morrison's trademark. And with its seventh album, *Over the Top*, Simple Minds has produced a suitable 1980s equivalent to the Doors' exaggerated sense of

romance and melodrama. Amid theatrical interludes of gymbassins and dreams, *Over the Top* has soulful overtones bordering on the steric, love without compromise and other "the peaceful revolution and the perfect war." On *Glitter* during the times of Lebanon, South Africa, Ireland and "Mother Ethiopia" are dropped grotesquely into the rocking beat. Despite such provocations, Simple Minds has a beautiful voice. Pop music could find some signs of renaissance in the spirit of Jim Morrison.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE  
James Taylor  
(CBS)

James Taylor weathered the psychological perils of the 1960s to become the quintessential outlaw man of 1970s pop. On his latest album he sounds as unchanged from the man who recorded *Fire and Rain* that the listener may wonder if he has slipped into a time capsule. Paradoxically, in fact, is the theme of *That's Why I'm Here*, the 11th in a series of albums that Taylor says is fitting for his own song, a wry version of Roddy McDowell's *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Although it is utterly inappreciative. Throughout the album Taylor sounds friendly warmth, but his music suffers from a surplus of personal factoids.

—BRIAN D. JOHNSON

## FISHERIES

## Return of the salmon

Newfoundlanders enjoy a virtual monopoly in Canada's Atlantic salmon industry, producing 90 per cent of a commercial catch worth about \$5 million a year. But that represents only a fraction of the fishery's potential as Canadian salmon stocks have been severely depleted by years of overfishing and pollution. Now, a small group of men with high hopes and a low budget have achieved impressive results in their campaign to restore the province's salmon. By improving existing breeding grounds and creating new ones throughout the province, they are creating the potential for a dramatically improved commercial fishery and a tourist resource of great promise.

This fall they gathered at an incubation station at Noel Paul's Brook, a tributary of the Exploits River, which cuts a diagonal swath through central Newfoundland. In the 1960s the Exploits supported only 3,000 salmon in its lower reaches and contained no fish above Grand Falls—a natural obstacle to migration. But since 1975 biologists have trucked hundreds of spawning fish around the falls. Last month they related volunteers at the station to help separate the eggs from female salmon and mix them with the will, or sperm, from males. Then they placed the fertilized eggs into a series of artificial pens intended originally to live the bottoms of shallow creeks. About 20 such layers each are piled in four 10- to 12-foot concrete incubation basins and washed by good-natured river water.

As a result, about 3.25 million salmon fry will hatch there next spring, roughly six times as many as the same number of eggs would yield under natural conditions. That they will be flown out by helicopter to colonize the upper tributaries of the river. For every million fry only 6,500 will successfully complete their life cycle and return to spawn in the river four to five years later. Still, the restoration program, which began in 1980, has already increased the Exploits' salmon to 45,000 fish per year, and authorities are aiming for a self-sustaining total of 100,000 by 1995.

Although it is Newfoundland's showpiece salmon raising program, the Exploits River project is not the only one. On the St. Lawrence, for one, fish stocking and the construction of a simple fishway around a waterfall increased the numbers to 3,800 currently from about 50 in 1965. Still, the



Artificial fish ladder, properly constructed.

partnership of government agencies and conservation groups which manage the program has had to overcome formidable financial obstacles. And Jerry Pratt, who co-ordinates the involvement of the federal department of fisheries and oceans, "The whole initiative is in some need of long-term funding."

Pratt was a member of a task force of eight federal and provincial agencies which two years ago produced a plan to double the province's salmon population with a 10-year program, budgeted at \$55 million. When the plan failed to secure support, Pratt and his staff encouraged citizens' groups to get involved. So far, their \$1-million annual budget has been supplemented by about \$5 million, mainly in job creation grants from the Canada Employment and Immigration Commission. But most of the projects will have to continue for at least six years to ensure a continuous return of adult salmon. And ultimately, the conservationists envisage a resource that will yield up to 2000 in economic benefits for every salmon caught by a sport fisherman. More importantly, it will help ensure the long-term survival of a commercial fishery that is essential to life in the province.

—LORRYN JACKSON in Grand Falls

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### ENVIRONMENT

## A study in stability

Since the horrors of the Bhopal gas tragedy became publicized throughout the world, scientists have been struggling to explain the causes of the massive drought that began in east and central Africa in the early 1980s. One explanation, overgrazing by goats and sheep belonging to nomadic tribesmen. Without vegetation to hold water, less moisture evaporated into the air to return as rain, and large areas of land became desert. Now, the results of a 4½-year study by a 20-member research team from Colorado State University, the State University of New York at Binghamton and the University of Nairobi in Kenya has raised doubts that the nomadic way of life is environmentally destructive.

The scientists found that nomads generally live in balance with their harsh and often unpredictable environment. The \$1.5-million study focused on the Ngorongoro tribesmen, pastoral nomads in northwest Kenya who rely on livestock for 90 per cent of their food. Although the tribesmen keep goats and sheep, they naturally maintain their herds at less than one-quarter of the maximum size that the land can sustain. In addition, food sources are diversified. Although 50 per cent of the nomads' diet consists of milk, more than half of that is derived from camels, whose main source of food is drought-resistant woody plants. The study concluded that the nomads' sensible use of land and livestock "may be counterexamples of stability and productivity rather than prescriptions for destruction."

For his part, study researcher James Ellis, an ecologist at Colorado State University, says that research from other areas of Africa is needed to corroborate the study's findings. But he also says that governments and international aid organizations should recognize their policies of expanding and modernizing agriculture. The reason, this eliminates diversity, and as a result the population is more vulnerable to crop failures during times of inadequate rainfall. Added University of Toronto geography professor Rodney White, "The drought is a natural phenomenon. But politically driven planning has made it much worse."

—BRIAN JEFFERY STREET in Toronto



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## A campaign of terror

A CANADIAN TRAGEDY  
JOHNN AND JOAN THATCHER  
A STORY OF LOVE AND HATE

By Maggie Rogers  
(Macmillan of Canada,  
\$27.95, 224 pp.)

After Joan Wilson was savagely bludgeoned and shot to death in the corner of her Regina home on Jan. 28, 1984, her former husband, Colin Thatcher, claimed that he was eating Hushinger Mopex in Moose Jaw at the time. But the jury did not accept that alibi. On Nov. 6, 1984, Thatcher was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment with no parole for 30 years. He appealed that verdict last May and was still awaiting a decision in November. A Canadian *Tragedy* offers an exhaustive and compelling account of how the former Saskatchewan energy minister carried out and concealed the premeditated murder of his ex-wife. Combining the seal of an investigative reporter with the tenacity of a Crown prosecutor, Maggie Rogers



Colin and Joan Thatcher: harrowing

gives reconstructs the case against Thatcher with an elaborate web of evidence gathered from the courtroom and her own extensive research.

Opening with Thatcher's dramatic arrest, the book then traces his evolution from a troubled child to a cold-blooded killer. He inherited both wealth and a cruel disposition from his father, former Saskatchewan premier Ross Thatcher, who belittled and neglected him. Rogers includes a slightly graphic chronicle of Colin Thatcher's rise to political power, but when she turns to his personal life the story takes on an irresistible momentum. The author provides a vivid account of his 17-year marriage to Joan Thatcher and his brutal attempts to gain custody of their three children—a campaign that escalated from phone threats to abduction, a wedding and, finally, murder.

The most harrowing revelation to emerge from Rogers's account is that Thatcher, as a wealthy politician, managed to beat the law. Although he repeatedly ignored court orders to give up his son Robert to Joan, provincial Attorney General Roy Romanow decided against pursuing criminal contempt charges. "Anyone but Thatcher would have been sent to jail," said Judge Sandy Macpherson, who felt a prison term might have cooled his murderous intentions. "This was proof that there was a separate law for the privileged." He also discussed his plan to kill his ex-wife with a variety of people, including former provincial Conservative leader Dick Culler. Another confidante who was aware of Thatcher's designs was Joyce Daily, his girlfriend in Palm Springs, Calif. Rogers draws some fascinating insights from her, notably a scorching dream about him: "In one hand he has a great big plastic bag full of sticks and a bottle of Chromo-Bag. In the other arm he's holding a great big teddy bear." Daily reported that Thatcher spent a long time preening with a gun in the desert. And after the murder, her lover told her, "It is a strange feeling to have blown your wife away."

By accumulating those extraordinary facts, *A Canadian Tragedy* turns from document to thriller. As Thatcher strikes his prey, Rogers recalls his every move, slowly building the intrigue. Fascinated in her own remarks, she uses those of others with devastating effects. The courtroom scenes conclude with a chilling comment from Crown prosecutor Serge Kojawa, explaining to a jury why a man whose political career would throw away his career "What you have to understand about Colin Thatcher," said Kojawa, "is that he isn't crazy. He's evil."

—BRIAN R. JOHNSON

## Genius of the heart

CHAPLIN: HIS LIFE AND ART

By David Robinson  
(Robins, 780 pages, \$29.95)

With his pert moustache, shabby clothes, derby hat and oversized shoes, Charlie Chaplin's famous Tramp was an endearing mixture of the tragic and the comic. Author and critic James Agee wrote that he was "so many-sided and mysterious as Hamlet." To his friends and associates Chaplin, who died in 1977, was equally complex and much more elusive. Writer journalist Thomas Burke: "It is almost impossible to locate him. I feel that he can locate himself, just as seldom can." In his new biography, Chaplin, *His Life and Art*, British film critic David Robinson makes a valiant attempt to define the legendary artist. The first writer to obtain access to Chaplin's personal archives, Robinson has produced an invaluable study of Chaplin as a filmmaker. But his lengthy, exhaustive book only increases the mystery surrounding Chaplin's contradictory personality.

As Robinson illustrates with harrowing detail, Chaplin's Victorian childhood in working-class London prepared him for the creation of the Tramp. He was born in 1889 to two music hall performers: Charles Chaplin, who died from alcoholism at 37, and his wife, Hannah, who suffered periodically from mental illness. When their precarious marriage ended in 1893, Hannah was left destitute with Charlie and his older half-brother, Sydney. The two boys were shunted from charity-supported boarding schools to workhouses, developing a lifelong devotion to each other. When their aunt, Kate Warley, "Charlie always looked up to Syd, and Sydney would suffer anything to spare Charlie."

Despite the laxness of his parents' careers, the young Chaplin was irrationally drawn to the stage, making his professional power ball debut when he was only 9. Fifteen years later, during a U.S. tour with a vaudeville troupe, Charlie fearfully took his first job in the movies. When Robinson: "He felt that his own vehicle and carefully paced comedy was going to be lost." But Chaplin quickly adapted, introducing the Tramp in his second film, *Mabel's Strange Predicament*. The whimsical character went on to become the hero in a series of comic masterpieces that Chaplin wrote, directed and produced. *The Kid* (1921), *The Gold Rush* (1926), *City Lights* (1931) and *Modern Times* (1936). But Chaplin was somewhat uncomfortable with his fame. In 1935 he told Burke: "You'll

it awful that these people should about God bless you, Charlie simply because I observed 'em up! It makes me sick spiritually, because I know what's behind it. Such darkness, such other misery."

Robinson details the numerous personal life that matched Chaplin's growing acclaim as a film-maker. His four wives included two teenage actresses whom he married because they were pregnant. In 1944 actress Jean Barry launched a successful publicity war against him. It was only at 54, when he married his fourth wife, Oona O'Neill—the 16-year-old daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill—that Chaplin found some peace in his private life.

Robinson has succeeded in his attempt to "tidy up the factoids and chronology" of Chaplin's life, but he refrains from analyzing his subject. He leaves the job of vivid, animated character-

ization to Chaplin's associates, who portray him as a battleground of contradictory impulses. Movie Burke: "He is often as kind and tender as any man could be, and often inconsiderate. He is risks from the night, but misses it if it isn't turned upon him."

Although Robinson is cautious as a personal biographer, he is confident in discussing Chaplin's professional life.

The author combats through the work rules in Chaplin's personal decisions, providing fascinating accounts of how each film was made—and demonstrating the truth of Chaplin's remark that he continually worked himself "into a neurotic state of wanting perfection." Chaplin emerges as an intuitive film-maker with brilliant instincts. Said director Edward Zwick: "Charlie's instinct is mostly emotion, perception." That genius of the heart, embodied in the Tramp, is what endears Chaplin to each new generation of moviegoers.

—BRIAN R. JOHNSON



Chaplin: disapprover

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## FILMS

### An empty package

SANTA CLAUS: THE MOVIE  
Directed by Jonicoi Sorensen

**T**he film-makers responsible for Santa Claus: The Movie have managed to make one of the world's most durable myths deadly dull. Totally lacking in imagination, devoid of any wit, it proves just how little \$80 million will buy. Santa himself (David Huddleston) is entirely lacking in charisma. He has two expressions—stifled contentment and grave concern. And Mrs. Claus is the driest, most unimaginable. There are few living souls in boring as these two.

The strict attempts to show how the myth of Father Christmas came into being. In the opening the children, people is stranded in their sleds during a snowstorm. A bright light shines above them, twinkle a few times and disappears an army of poorly made-up elves. Led by Patch (Dudley Moore), the elves' major talent is to dance in a circle holding hands. On being shown their workshop, Santa exclaims, "This is really something!" Adds Mrs. Claus: "This is really nice." Soon, Rudolph Meredith appears as a Father Time figure who gives Santa his mandate to drive around the world on Christmas Eve, distributing good products made by the elves.

Once Santa has been airborne for several centuries, the spacewalkers introduce a number of subplots. The most unconvincing one features a homeless street vendor and an unemployed rich girl. Not even the appearance of John McVie as a villainous toy manufacturer who cunningly uses Patch for his evil ends can spice up the action. The final part of the movie, which centres on only cases that can make people fit, gets sillier by the minute. It is an act of mercy when the movie ends.

In Santa Claus: The Movie the audience shed tears and the actors speak lines such as, "If you give extra kisses, you get better hugs." Viewers of all ages will experience a disappointment as great as getting up on Christmas morning to an empty stocking. The movie-makers should have remembered that the spirit behind this gift matters more than the price tag. Inside the ridiculously expensive wrapping of Santa Claus there is no present at all.

—LAWRENCE O'CONNOR

## CRIME

### Sabotage in the forest

**W**hen the U.S. Forest Service in Oregon first received letters last winter from "the Bonito Abasco Penitentiary Garden Club" warning of body-trapped trees in Williamson National Forest, officials suspected a hoax. But their skepticism turned to anger when crews equipped with metal detectors had to begin removing four-foot metal spikes from the trunks of more than 800 trees scheduled for cutting. Logans-Pacific Corp., a major Oregon lumberer, labelled the spiking tactics "environmental terrorism" and the Forest Service posted a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of those responsible. Last year, during the confrontation over logging on Meares Island in British Columbia, radical ecologists boasted to the Vancouver press of "spiking so many trees that it would take the lumber company five years to find them all." Now, officials are concerned that the practice is spreading on the forested west coast of both Canada and the United States.

Logging companies, tree spiking is more than a nuisance. Chas says that his spikes can look back and mean injury while, in the mill, the blades of his high-speed band saws can explode into lethal shrapnel when they hit unprotected nails. Roger Manning, president of Western Forest Products Ltd. in Vancouver, said that tree spiking is "an attempted manslaughter." He added: "It is yellow-bellied. The people who would do this are brownie contempt."

The majority of environmentalists are equally quick to condemn the practice. James Montoya, director of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, a coalition of 50 conservation groups, said that tree spiking and other forms of forest sabotage are "instrumental to our efforts." But he added that he expects such tactics to increase because of the difficulty of challenging logging operations through legal channels. David McIntosh, "the most tremendous patience and financial resources to fight forest companies. A lot of protest organizations rightfully expect more response than they have been getting." For his part, Adrian Durr of the Friends of Clatsop Sound, the protest group that opposed MacMillan Bloedel's attempts to log on Meares Island, noted carefully that the issue came to national attention only after the spiking threat. "I had heard," he had been fighting this for years but that was the first time we received headlines.

One group that takes a more ambiguo-

ous stand on the use of violence to combat loggers is Earth First!, a national U.S. movement. The group has published a handbook on forest sabotage, which it calls "Vengeance of White ecologists" that it does not necessarily endorse the practice, a recent issue of its periodical contains instructions on how to bo-

**Logging firms call it manslaughter, but some activists claim that embedding spikes in trees is like a religion**

dy-trap trees with ceramic tiles that remain invisible to metal detectors. It also recommends burning trees down to smother them from loggers and declared: "If you really care about wilderness and wildlife, never travel without matches. When conifers are right, do your part to save America's remaining wilderness areas." Said Richard Bailey, an Oregon

teacher, former logger and member of Earth First. "Vengeance is almost like a religion. It represents the ultimate sacrifice in taking a personal risk that you will be jailed for doing what you believe in." Although he said he does not spike trees himself, Bailey added that such activities are not meant to endanger loggers but rather "to get the message across that it will cost a lot of money and time if logging companies continue to rape the wilderness."

In the United States most forest sabotage is now concentrated in the Pacific region of southern Oregon, where environmentalists have been trying to stop Portland-based Willamette Industries Inc. from logging the last great stands of Douglas fir in the area, which are hundreds of years old. After the failure of a legal challenge to halt the logging, observers are concerned that the violence could escalate. But Willamette is determined to fight back. Said company spokesman Catherine Blakely: "We have a contract to log, and that is what we intend to do. We are not going to be deterred by threats of violence." While forest sabotage has yet to hurt anyone seriously, and has only occasionally slowed logging, the increasing bitterness on both sides of the debate seems bound to worsen the situation.

—KEITH BARKS is Vancouver



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## TECHNOLOGY

## Using lasers on oil spills

Native groups, environmentalists and government officials all watched apprehensively as the *Arctic*, a 26,000-ton oil tanker, threaded its way through the most treacherous waters of the Arctic Ocean last August. The vessel was carrying 100,000 barrels of oil from drilling rigs owned by Calgary-based Petro-Canada Ltd., near Melville Island in the Northwest Territories. An accident involving that cargo—the first oil shipped from the High Arctic—might have resulted in a major environmental disaster. The tanker-borne cargo completed a 3,255-mile journey to Montreal without incident, but the voyage underscored the hazards of northern oil production. Under icy conditions the only way to clean up a spill from a ship or from a rig is to ignite the oil with 850 flames dropped from helicopters—a method that helicopter pilots describe as dangerous, expensive and inadequate. Declared Harry Wiltaker, head of engineering for a division of the federal Environmental Protection Service: "What we need is a better match to light the spills."

To that end, the federal government is funding the development of a high-tech alternative: a laser device that uses two beams to vaporize oil from a distance of 100 yards and then ignites it in less than 30 seconds. Since 1982, Ottawa has spent \$240,000 subsidizing work performed by two research firms: Ottawa-based Arctic Canada Ltd. and Physics Sciences Inc., of Andover, Mass. Spokesmen for the firms say they hope to have a \$250,000 laser system ready for use in 18 months and they have already successfully tested a prototype under simulated arctic conditions. The most significant remaining problem: providing enough stability in a vibrating helicopter to allow the device to lock on target.

The technology is clearly needed because a spill could cause oil to seep under the ice then resurface as pools across the open sea. But Arctic vice president Alj Newman says he is confident that the joint venture will soon solve the technical problems remaining and produce a powerful safeguard for the fragile northern environment. And Newman? "Now, even a minor spill would be lightyears more manageable."

—PAUL ERTON on Science



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# The healing touch

The 22,000 Canadian babies who are born prematurely each year undergo major discomforts in the first weeks of their life. Many are isolated in hospital incubators, fed intravenously and monitored closely with intensive equipment. As a result, many doctors encourage the mothers of such

babies to spend time touching and, if possible, holding their infants in order to establish a bond with them. But a recent U.S. study says that the benefits of touching in those circumstances go far beyond bonding. Indeed, the study found that human contact not only helps premature babies gain weight

faster but also speeds their mental and motor development.

Researchers say that the study, conducted by a team headed by psychologist Tiffany Field at Florida's University of Miami Medical School, could radically alter future hospital procedures. Field selected 40 premature infants who had left premature care and avoided no more oxygen or intravenous feedings but who still weighed less than four pounds each. Half of the infants received touch and movement stimulation—predetermined patterns of limb manipulation and gentle stroking—for three 15-minute periods each day. The others, whose mothers had expressed little interest in them, received none.

At the end of 30 days, the researchers found that the stimulated infants gained 11 per cent more weight than the others. They also showed greater alertness, were more active, responded better to new stimuli and needed an average of six fewer days in hospital. A follow-up study eight months later showed that the stimulated babies were heavier, longer and had fewer neurological problems.

The study has focused attention on a long-standing medical dilemma: whether it is better to isolate newborns in the womb for premature babies or to provide sensory stimulation through the use of music, rocking pots and hold patterns on hospital walls. Others, more concerned with replicating conditions in the womb, have experimented with taped heartbeats, waterfalls and dandelion sounds.

But many researchers now say that a critical factor is the quality and the timing of sensory stimulation. Said Deborah Siegel, an expert specialist at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont. "It is too simple to view the womb as lacking stimulation—or to view premature babies as (such as) a population deprived of stimulation. We are now beginning to realize that the hospital environment, with its bright lights and noisy machinery, may offer too much stimulation too soon, much of it of a negative or even painful kind." Field's approach may help resolve that dilemma. Indeed, her findings have already led some hospitals to hire grandmothers as "nannies" for premature. In the future such techniques may be as important to the survival of premature babies as machinery is today.

—ANN FENLASON in Toronto

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### FILMS

## A slightly sticky recipe

### THE PEANUT BUTTER SOLUTION

Directed by Michael Rabbe

Total madness is a problem that most children never have to face. But when 11-year-old Michael Rubin (Matthew Blackay) makes a sinister, homicidal pact in his Montreal neighborhood, he receives a fright that leaves his head so barren as a Ping-Pong ball. Michael's malady is the first of many far-fetched events that ensue in *The Peanut Butter Solution*, which was coproduced by Rick Denner. The film is the second in Denner's *Tales for All series*, which opened with last year's highly acclaimed *The Dog Who Stopped the War*. But while that film was charmingly down-to-earth, *The Peanut Butter Solution* attempts to ride a single cup of butter, making too frequently its reader.

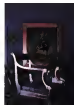
The movie gets off to a promising start as Michael copes with the embarrassment of his barren state. When he ventures onto the soccer field wearing a wig, a schoolmate rips it from his head, exposing him to the mockery of the other boys. But chief misery comes in the form of Tam (Griffith Brewer) and Mary (Helen Hughes), the ghosts of two deviants who had been living in the ruined mansion. They persecute Michael with a series of recipes for a hair-growing potion that includes a rotten egg, dirt and—most crucial of all—peanut butter. But after Michael dubs the mixture on

his scalp, his hair begins growing so rapidly that his friend George (Shak Suganay) has to cut it continually at school in order to keep his trousers from covering the desk behind him.

Initially, *The Peanut Butter Solution* strikes an effective balance between sympathy for Michael and robust humor at his absurd state. But as his spreading locks reach the ground—and his misery deepens—the movie begins to resemble a darkly grotesque chapter from the theatre of cruelty. Even Michael's harassed but loving father, Rip (Michael Hogen), is only moderately disturbed by his son's situation. That absence of a strong reaction from the other characters makes it impossible to sympathize with Michael's plight.

Writer-director Michael Rabbe sets *The Peanut Butter Solution* on a more convincing track when Michael is kidnapped by his eccentric art teacher, "The Singer" (Michael Muller). He takes the hero and some other children to a warehouse, setting them to work manufacturing brushes from Michael's beautiful hair. The surrealistic atmosphere of the secret factory and Muller's campy performance finally evokes the movie with his life and credibility that it had lacked. But they cannot entirely rescue the tale. *The Peanut Butter Solution* contains some debatable grotesqueries, but they never quite add up to a winning recipe.

—JOHN BENDISSE



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# Finding the spirit of Christmas past

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]



Steenburgen, Harnois: magic in the best-regarded places

## ONE MAGIC CHRISTMAS

Directed by Philip Barant

The joyful absence of cynicism in *One Magic Christmas*, an unabashed holiday fantasy, is completely refreshing. The story, which director Philip Barant conceived himself, has a directness and soaring simplicity. The movie is the kind that Hollywood has all but forgotten. At its centre is Ginnie Granger (Mary Steenburgen), a woman who, for good reason, is lacking in Christmas spirit. Her husband, Jack (Gary Busey), has lost his job, and the Grangers must move out of their home by the new year. With Christmas just a few days away, the children, Abbie (Elizabeth Harnois) and Cal (Rabbi Magwood), expect much more in their stockings and under the tree than their parents can afford Ginnie, who works as a supermarket cashier, sticks to her pragmatic attitude: it is a time for belt-tightening as the Grangers flee, and she has no intention of succumbing to the Christmas myth.

*One Magic Christmas* is about both the joy and the necessity of succumbing to the season's sentimentality. Ginnie, who seems to have forgotten she was once a little girl, meets an angel who is sent down from heaven to help her. Perched on a tree and playing his harmonica, the grunted Oldies (Harry

Dean Stanton) is the first movie angel who seems constantly in need of a shave. But it is part of the movie's charm that magic comes from the least expected places. Ginnie makes the adorable Abbie her confidante, and it is delightful to see a little girl become the most important character in a children's fantasy.

While the movie is extremely readable on one level, it is still largely a flight of fancy. The plotting requires a considerable suspension of disbelief: there is a trip to the North Pole to visit Santa Claus, and one character is raised from the dead. But director Barant (The Grey Fox, The Moon Season) is a gifted imagist who seems at home in any genre. The street on which the Grangers live, twinkling with Christmas lights and blanketed by snow, is far more bewitching than anything in the current \$50-million extravaganza *Santa Claus: The Movie*. And the scene in which Abbie visits the North Pole will widen the eyes of any child or adult. Barant sees beneath the surface of everyday images, such as a snowy street in a small town as children watch their eyes glued to a street-hockey game, and reveals the viewer of how special such situations can be.

*One Magic Christmas* confirms Barant's status as Canada's best working director. The movie creates an intimacy between the characters and the as-

semble. And these characters, completely devoid of any glamour, seldom make it to the big screen the way they once did. The viewer becomes drawn into the situations of their lives. Their dreams, whether they are the visions of superphotons dancing in the child's head or Jack's unfulfilled hope of one day owning his own small business, are all too familiar.

The movie never strikes a wrong note, largely due to the quality of the acting. Steenburgen, Busey, Harnois and Magwood are entirely convincing as a family. But a special word should be saved for Steenburgen's performance. Whether she is belting out a Supremes song in the shower or sitting at the table with her face creased in worry, she is a recognizable working-class mother whose apparent ordinariness is belied reserves of inner strength. Ginnie's transformation to the spirit of Christmas as she is brought back to her own past is a model of subtlety. Few actresses could manage the look of absolute wonderment that comes over Steenburgen's face when she finally confronts Santa Claus himself. *One Magic Christmas* is more than just a story about believing in magic; it is a welcome reminder that the act of believing makes magic happen.

—LAWRENCE OTTOLEW

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *Tense, McEwan (1)*
- 2 *The Marseilles Enigma, Aust (1)*
- 3 *The Handmaid's Tale, Atwood (1)*
- 4 *Secrets, Reid (1)*
- 5 *Lost, Collins (1)*
- 6 *Contact, Sagan (1)*
- 7 *White Fives in the Rain, Davies (1)*
- 8 *The Red Fox, Hyde (1)*
- 9 *Skeleton Crew, King (1)*
- 10 *Book 14, Proulx (1)*

### Nonfiction

- 1 *Sheldahl on the Heart, Christian (1)*
- 2 *Company of Adventurers, Korman (1)*
- 3 *Elvis and Me, Presley with Abrams (1)*
- 4 *Enigma, Davies with Marsh (1)*
- 5 *Enigma in the East, MacLean (1)*
- 6 *Younger, Singer and Jones (1)*
- 7 *1000 Canals? Young (1)*
- 8 *The World of Robert Fennema, Dwyer (1)*
- 9 *Nat Park, Dwyer*
- 10 *Book Reviews, McQueen*
- 11 *Freedom and Love*

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# Whiting out editorial Progress

By Allan Fotheringham

This is the last plaintive cry coming from the last Luddite in the land. There is no hope, as we know. There is nothing to do but surrender. Like Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*, our fingers caught in the keys in the assembly line, we can only whisper, lie on our backs and succumb to the greater wisdom of the age that sweeps us on.

This is the fate of the journalist, the ink-stained wretch who is being overtaken by technology. Those of us who are purveyors of the language of Shakespeare are being swallowed by the computer. The Machine That Ate Fotheringham lurks on my desk, merrily with a Radio Shack snarl. It is the machine called Progress and is supposedly for the greater good. It is good for profits. It is not good for the individual sinner, as you breakdown or heart attack. But Progress proceeds before all.

There was a time when journalism was simple. One did not's fumbling fiddle prose—in a phone booth, via a key, in a metal room—and then placed a number. A limber young lady, whom I used to call Magic Fingers, could type as fast as I could dictate and all disappeared into the unfathomable maze that appears as print on your doorstep next morning.

That was so simple—mainly because it worked. Today there are no more jobs. If this is not the worst it must be—anything must be good. Today a stringing verbs must be not only a wordsmith but a combination baffin/electrician/mechanic/hacker. You no longer deal with Magic Fingers any more, you deal with bytes and Ks and Apples and Wangs. You heard that Ben was the first computer specialist? See above.

At the last Canadian election colleague Charlie Lynch and I found ourselves on campaign jobs hearing prehistoric word processors that rendered instant, heretic and could be opened only when one could find a plug in a. *Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.*

deasy metal. Everyone else had a "Trash 100," the portable computer the size of a frozen TV dinner that sits in your lap and eats up your Pulitzer Prize-winning copy at the touch of the wrong button.

Lynch, who has been around for 150 years, explained patiently that in his long endurance in this trade, from the beaches of Normandy onward, it has always been his experience that "advances" in the business of journalism have always been at the expense of the poor sinner in the field. Head office is made more efficient and loses the eff-

I, for example, phone regularly to a well-known magazine with vast resources. The phone rings 30 times before anyone answers. The puzzle is: What if the Archdeacon Performed has just been assassinated? How do I get through with my world scoop? I have as faith in Star Wars if the science giant of the world can't make the telephone system work. Where's Flash Gordon when I really need him? The answer, of course, is explained by the "green thumb" theory. Certain people are good at gardening because they empathize with plants. Scientists have

now proven that when you talk to your friend, they think *Conspiracy*. If you don't like machines, they can sense it. They are your enemy. They react—all same roses.

The other day the phone company that supplies a vaguely comprehensible service to my office arrived to announce an amazing breakthrough into the Star Wars era. Because technology could do it, they insisted on forcing it upon me. The result was a console that looked somewhat like the console of a flying T-87. It included answering service, forward-calling to your home (why would you want

someone you've been avoiding all day to get you at home?), endocrine calls (the worst invention since chemisbergers) and links to space satellites.

There was one small problem. With its Flash Gordon, angular-edged styling, its meaningless would not fit into the aforementioned Flash Gordon computer that sends those precious words into the ozone. You would think someone would have figured that out beforehand, but Progress is irremovable. The solution? We now have to have two phones. The Flash Gordon job, with which you can find Aunt Matilda if she is driving in her Bentley or soft in the spare shuttle. And the old-fashioned jobbie, which looks like something Loco Tureir used in his soda shop in 1948—but can accommodate the vapours of the computer. The desk before me is now twice as cluttered. When a house

sounds, I don't know whether to listen to my mother, embrace the computer that runs my life or wind my watch. This is not Progress, this is madness.



reminds the blokes who create the junk which makes the profits must whet in the technology—not vice versa.

Be Miss Magic Fingers disappears, the lady who had a voice and sometimes could correct—or question—typing. Now we have Progress—in long as a battery does not run out or a thunderstorm does not foul up the system or the computer does not go "down," with which any passenger of Air Canada is so familiar.

As everyone knows except those who were absent from school that day, Ned Ludd was a half-wit, Lancashire workman who, circa 1800, inspired the riots against the labor-saving machinery that was invented at the time and was deemed to be the devil that was to ruin the working man. I am, as it well-known, a three-quarter wit who still carries a Luddite snarl and in my Galva Klein jeans. I do not worry about machines taking my job, I only ask that they make it more efficient.

There's vodka.

With other Smirnoff.

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